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A Weekly f rybody

A Strategic Retreat

WALTER BEACH HUMPHREY

In This Issue

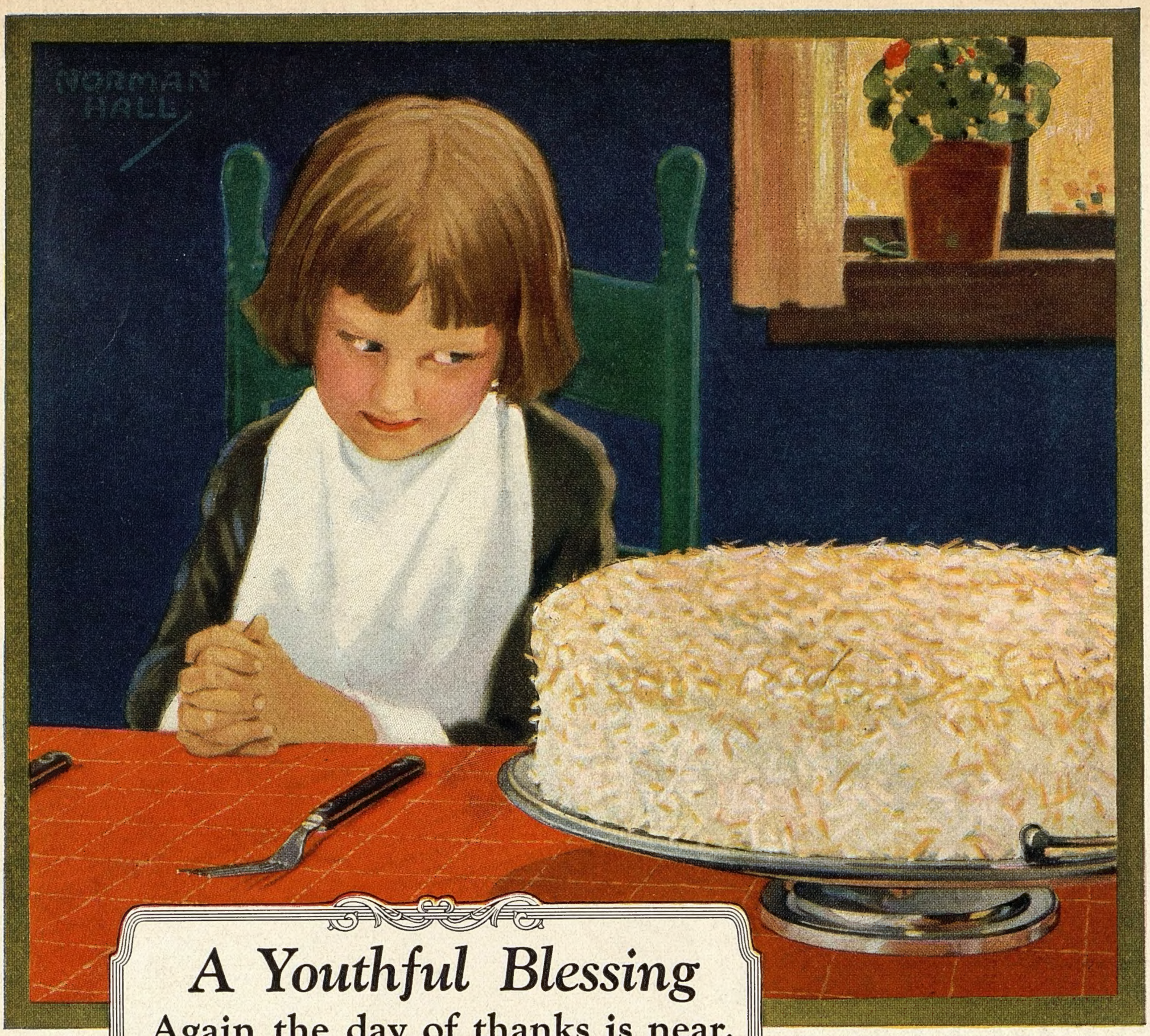
FIRST ARTICLE in COLONEL MITCHELL'S SERIES

Beginning

SIX IN A ROW

By

George Weston



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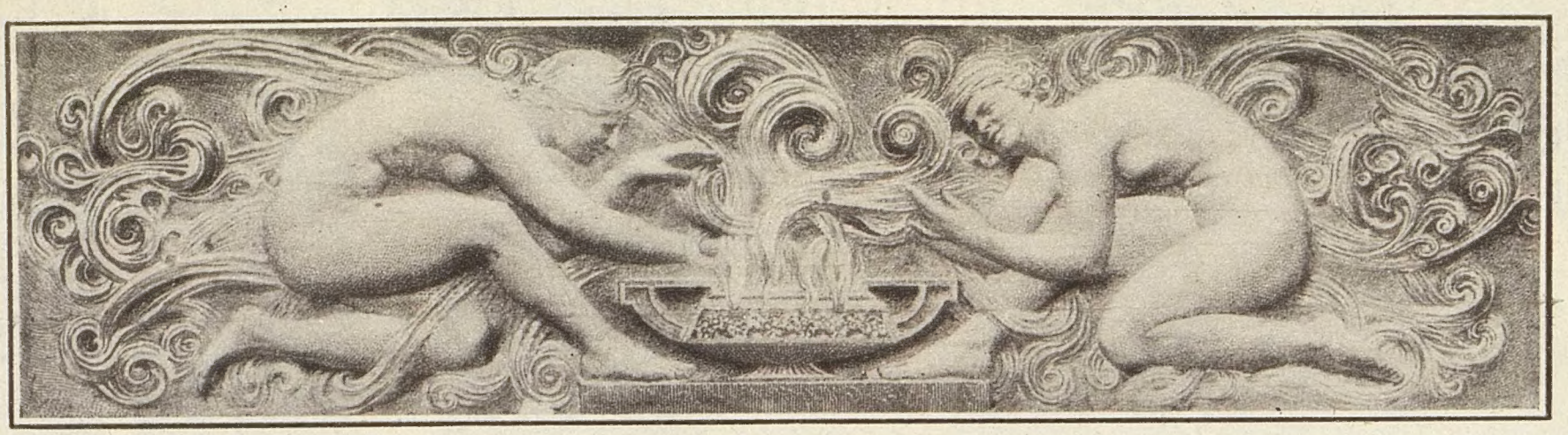

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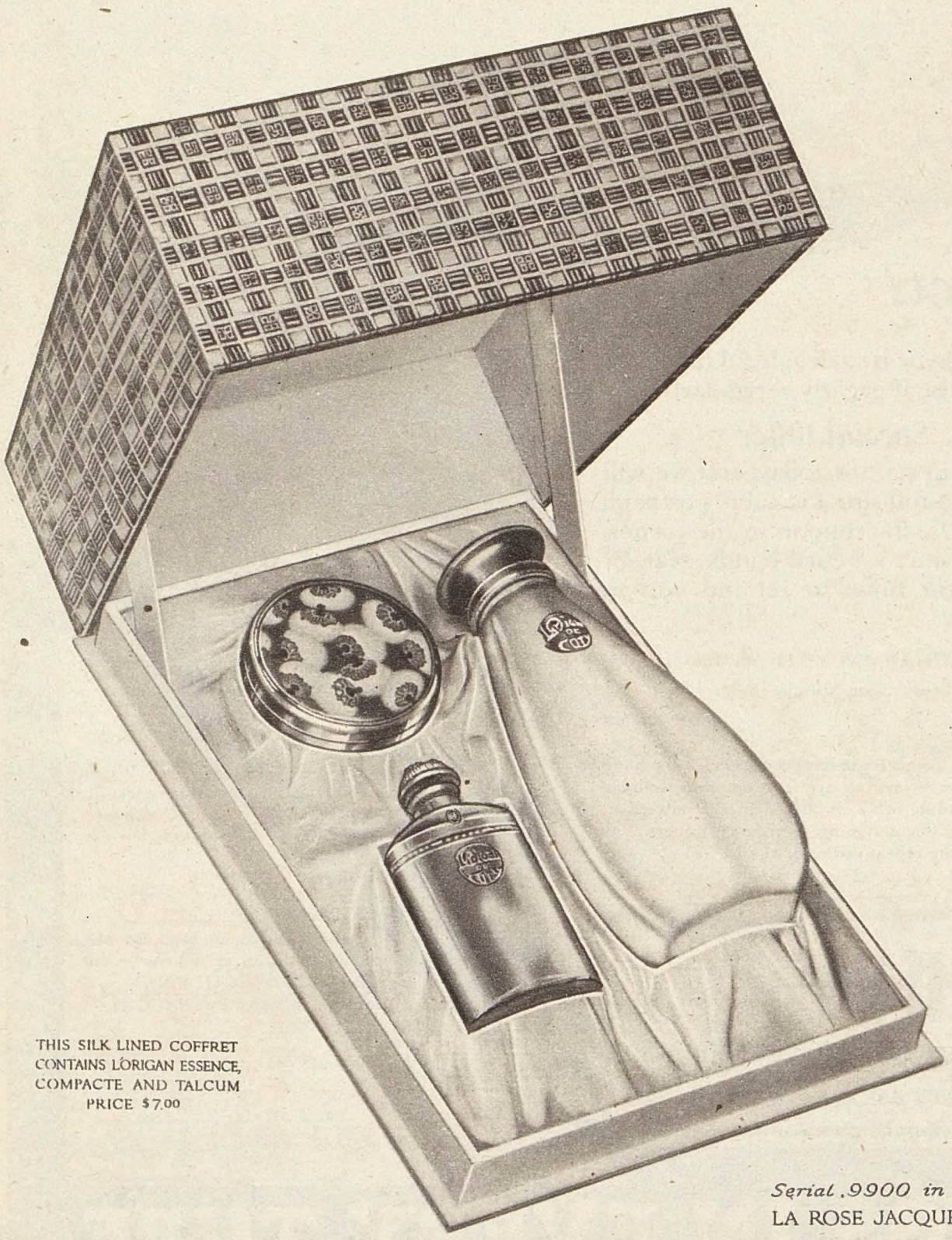

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 2 No. 29

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

EMPIRE

The British exports fall. The British imports rise. The islanders are paying more money for what they have to buy than they are getting for what they have to sell. The Britons, when the Romans found them, had tin. They also had coal. There were metals and coal on the tight little isle with the sea-sickest sea the world knows in between it and the continent of Europe. Cæsar got across. William of Normandy got across, but Napoleon did not; and most of the movement has been that of sailors, soldiers, and proconsuls going out from the island to find the world, take it, keep it, and rule it.

Malthus, we now know, was more nearly right than wrong. Regions can overpopulate themselves. Nature presents some difficulties in pestilence and famine, and men make some in wars, but science keeps plagues down for civilized people and the wars do not deplete or exterminate.

The island which founded the empire has a fine old crusted tory idea that some land must be covert for foxes and pheasants. Otherwise no hunting; no hunting no gentry, no gentry no empire. The boys of the bulldog breed also know that there is no place like home, whether it is in the smoke of the Manchester mill or the mists of a Yorkshire moor. The proconsuls go out, but few colonists go to break the brush of Canada and raise wheat. The island long ago passed the time when the population could live on what was raised at home. Metal and coal must work and ships must carry out the product to support the foxes and pheasants, the port-drinking tories, the empire-making gentry, the home-staying workers. Britain must buy its bread by selling Sheffield bread knives, and when imports rise above exports the empire is shaking again.

Coal, the economic substitute for wheat in such a scheme of life, now is subsidized by a government which does not know how otherwise to get the substitute produced. The excess population which will not or cannot find work at home and will not or cannot hunt for it in the other parts of the empire is supported by the dole. That is another burden on the people who have remained competent to support themselves.

John Bull the farmer passed away generations ago. John Bull the tradesman finds that his ships are bringing in more than they can take out and sell. That raises the question of John Bull the proconsul. Can he continue to exist, following the morning sun around the world with his shaving kit? Empires go from the triumphal arch to the crypt. Their palms turn to cypress. New cities are built on their debris. The excavator finds them and they leave only records of their burial customs—a coin stamped with an emperor's head, a marble statue without arms, and a fragment of song. If life is to continue as life has been, some day Westminster must be as Stonehenge is now—the fragmentary record of something that has passed away. But the proconsuls are still alive. The peace of Locarno proves that the breed which preserves its foxes still knows how to hunt them. Austen Chamberlain, the British foreign minister, wanted by that peace to make Germany, the former enemy, an ally against Russia, the former friend. At this writing he seems to have done so.

Russia working to excite all the subject peoples against the proconsular rule was the new menace to the empire. There are clouds in the British sky but not the clouds of twilight.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Separate Air Force? No, Says Moffett

THERE are two sides to every question. In this issue Liberty presents *Col. William Mitchell's* detailed statement of his plan for creating an air force equal in authority to the present Army and Navy. Next week *Rear Admiral William A. Moffett,* chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, will submit the Navy's arguments against such an independent air force. He has written a graphic and forceful article called *Aviation in National Defense.*

© Harris & Ewing
ADMIRAL MOFFETT

Hugh Fullerton reports in the coming issue the results of a unique questionnaire undertaken to determine who is *The Most Interesting Woman in America.* Ballots were sent to one thousand representative citizens. In the voting, one woman was overwhelmingly in the lead. Who is she? You'll learn next week.

Rita Weiman joins the growing list of Liberty authors with a most unusual short story, *Code of Honor,* about a beautiful American, an intriguing French nobleman, and a divorce tangle in which the one who gets the worst of it is the one you'd least suspect.

Fannie Hurst contributes her second racy article on her impressions of the movie capital. *Hollywood Has a Heart,* she calls this one.

Houdini, the Handcuff King, a veteran dabbler in the magic arts, exposes *Tricks of Fake Mediums* in a lively account of some of the stunts that have fooled even the scientists.

November 21, 1925 LIBERTY Vol. 2, No. 29

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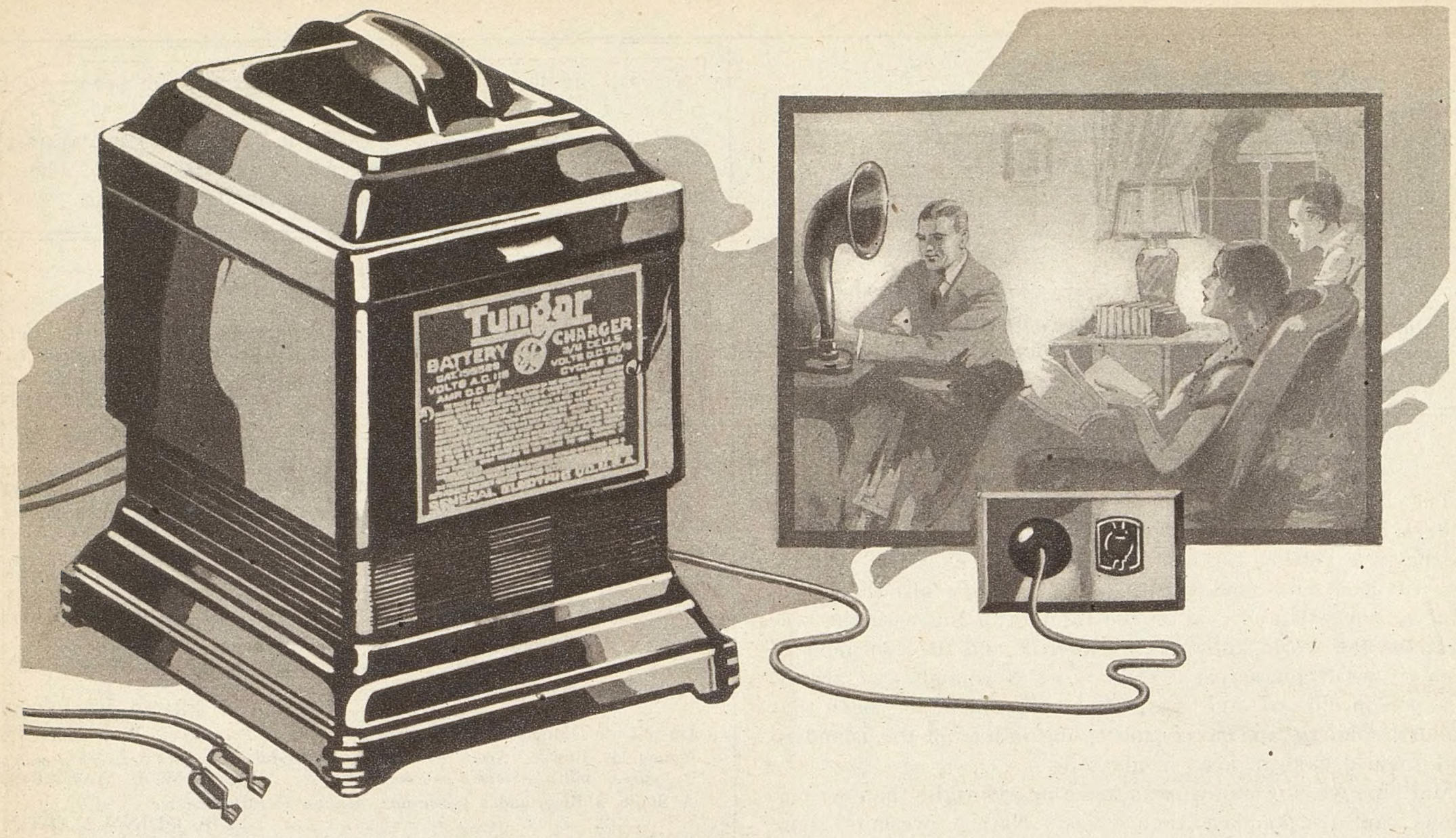

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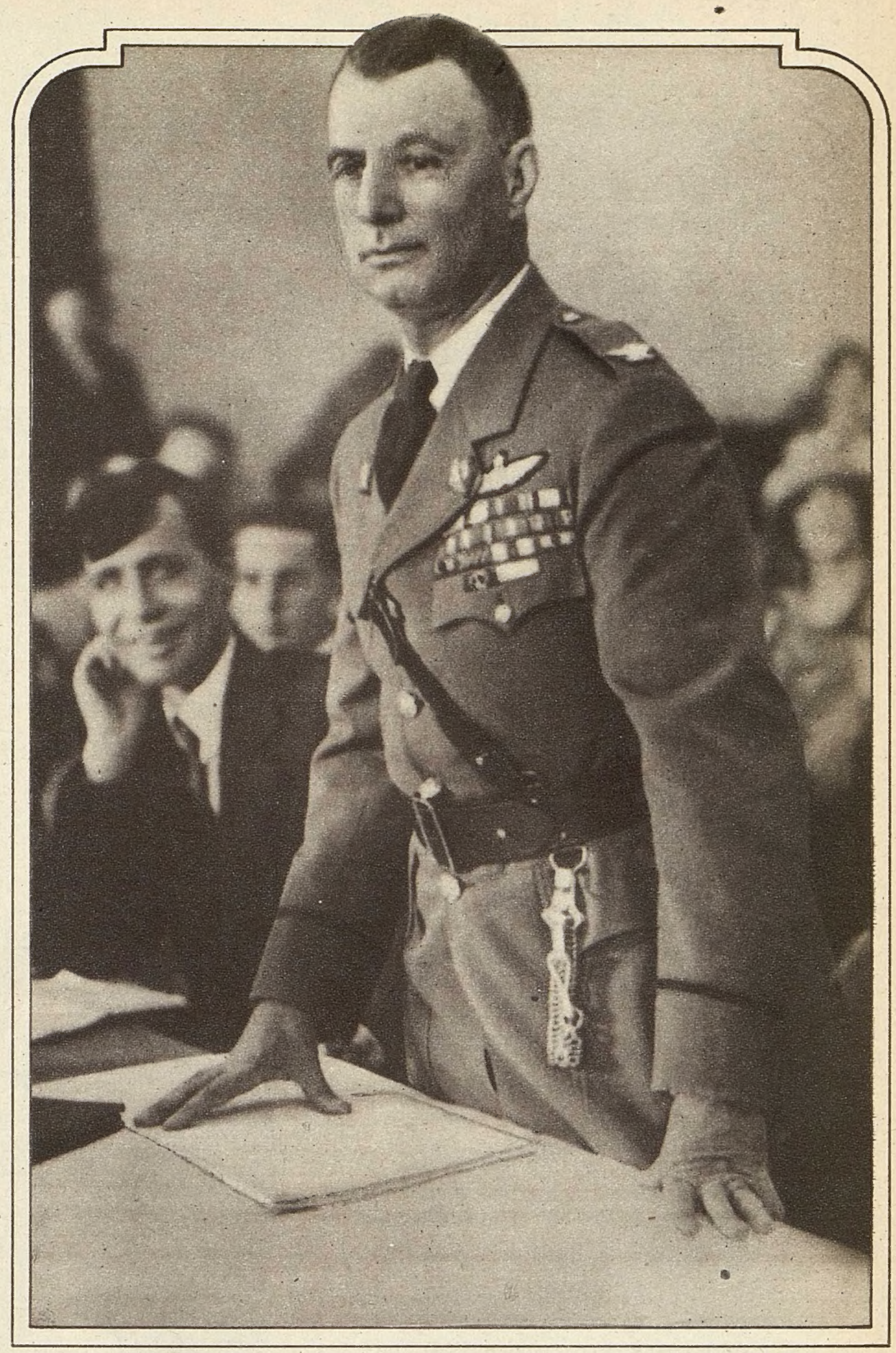
GENERAL ELECTRIC

COLONEL Mitchell Explains His Plan

Having Brought on the Present Aviation Imbroglio, the Redoubtable "Stormy Petrel" of the Army Tells in Detail How He Would Remake Our Air Service

By WILLIAM MITCHELL



COLONEL MITCHELL as he appeared when testifying before the board appointed by the President to examine into the state of our air defenses.

Wide World Photo

COL. WILLIAM MITCHELL started something. He told the nation that its defenses are inadequate; that defensively we are pitifully weak. He defied all Army and Navy precedent by saying so in unqualified phrases. He was removed from the post he held when he spoke—Brigadier General, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service—not because there was proof that he was wrong but because he had spoken his mind, criticized his superiors. Later he was ordered before a court-martial.

The upshot of it was that President Coolidge appointed a board to investigate his charges. Before this body Colonel Mitchell reiterated his charges and supplemented them. Now, in Liberty, Colonel Mitchell sets forth in detail his remedy for the conditions he charged. He gives his reasons for his disturbing statements. He has criticized; now he constructs. Here, clearly, concisely, he writes what he believes to be the cure for the ills he sees in our defensive program. This is the first of a series of articles by Colonel Mitchell.

THE question is often asked, "Why do we need to change our system of national defense? Is not the old system perfectly good, and why cannot we keep on doing just what we have in times past?"

The answer is that the world progresses and that the advent of air power has decidedly changed all arrangements which used to be necessary and requisite for a complete national defense.

Fortunately, it is unquestionably for the better, because the defensive—that is, the power to protect as distinguished from the offensive, or power to inflict damage from a distance—is immeasurably increased by air power. It will, therefore, lead toward peace, because exaggerated surface sea armaments for carrying the offensive and transporting armies across the seas will be an impossibility in the face of air and submarine power.

Naturally, there will also be a saving in expenditure and effort, because not only will the use of air power gradually lead to the giving up of large surface sea armaments, transferring the activities more and more to subsurface craft, but the great forts, concrete emplacements, huge cannon, and organizations for the defense of the coast will no longer be necessary except near large cities or other centers of power where hostile submarines may shoot into them.

It is to be expected, of course, that the older services, curtailed in the exercise of their ancient privileges of monopolizing the whole of the defensive arrangements of the Government, will resist a change of this kind; but the change has come, and they must face it as a patriotic duty. If they are allowed to keep control of it in the future, as they have in the past, it will be much like intrusting a gas-lighting company with the duty of developing for a city electric illumination that belonged to some other party.

The development of air power means that it must be intrusted to an organization specifically charged with such development. It must not be farmed out as an orphan in the asylums of the old Army and Navy. Air power has risen to man's estate. It has proved its way. It proved its value when it was first tried over the contending armies in Europe. It proved since the war that it can sink any battleship or other vessel on the surface of the sea. It has proved that it can maintain continuous and uninterrupted service across a continent such as North America. It has proved that it can fly from the tropics to the arctic and clear around the northern hemisphere.

AIR POWER says to the older services:

"I am here to stay. I am growing stronger every year. As my engines gain in power I can carry weights for longer distances. As my navigating instruments improve I can go through rain and snow, hail and fog, and as the air covers the whole surface of the earth, gradually I shall overcome it. I shall never be less than I am at the present time.

"This will mean that you, Navy, must put your diving suit on and get out into the water, away off from our shores, on the high seas. Your role of the defensive, close in shore, is a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

U. S. Army Air Service Photo

The U. S. S. Alabama, sinking as a result of bombing tests. Colonel Mitchell and his opponents are at variance as to the conclusiveness of these tests, since the Alabama was a comparatively old ship, and not of the more modern type.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

thing of the past. We can handle that now with our aircraft. This leaves you free and unfettered by the coast. We want you to have, as a part of your own organization, any aircraft that you can take and operate on the high seas in any way you see fit. We, in the Air Force, will hold your harbors and the ways to them clear of enemy aircraft and safe from their attack."

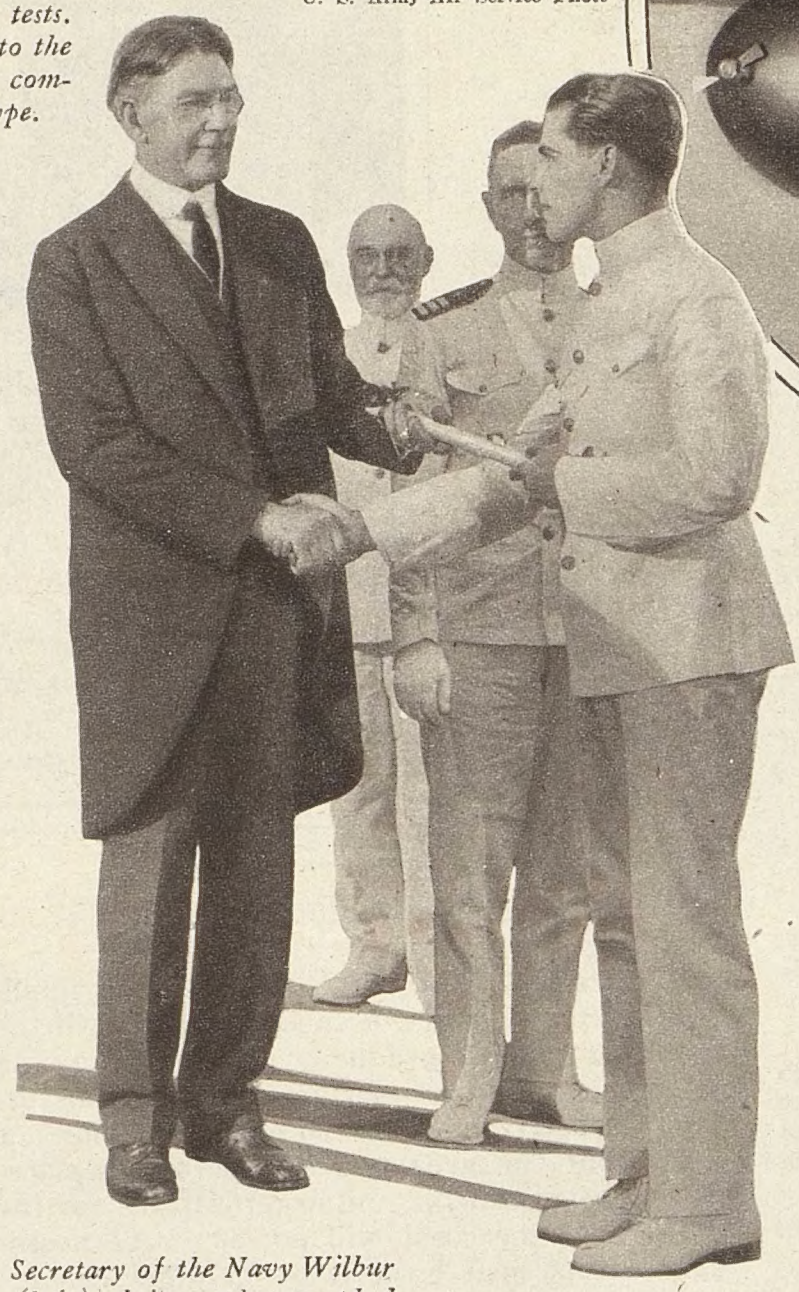
AIR POWER says to the Army:

"You must provide for holding secure all land areas. You must take off your spurs and get in a motor car. You must provide yourselves with the latest weapons—cannon, mortars, machine guns, and chemicals. We will keep the enemy out of the air above you and away from your coasts and frontiers, so that Army will not meet Army to resume the orgy of killing that we had in the European war, which was merely a reversion to barbarism and a slaughterhouse exhibition.

"If for any reason we fail in keeping the enemy away from our frontiers and a hostile army invades us, we will come back and serve with you and facilitate your operations by attacking the enemy's rear, his means of communication, his railroads and supply centers, and his actual flanks on the field of battle. Without us you are lost, because without control of the air over an army it must grope about like a blind person."

You have often heard that we in the air propose to take away from the Army and Navy the air services that they need in their daily occupation. Both need a few aircraft with them, much as they need automobiles and telephones. An Air Force, however, organized to fight twenty thousand feet in the air, has neither Army nor Navy there to support it. It is an entirely independent fighting force and must be organized under its own leaders as such.

So what we need is an organization specifically charged with the defense of the land, one specifically charged with the defense of the water, and one specifically charged with the defense of the air: all of these to work under a common master, a single Department of National Defense, which embraces them all.



Secretary of the Navy Wilbur (left) being photographed with Ramon Novarro for an episode in a motion picture dealing with life at Annapolis.

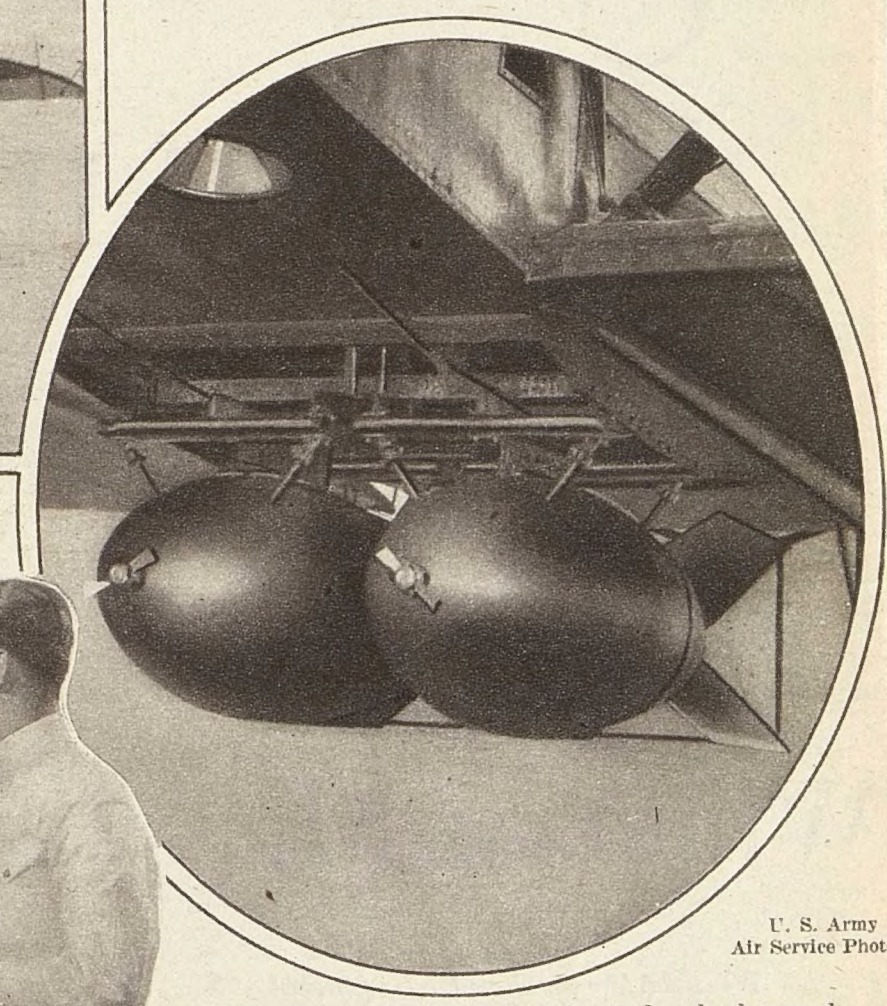
I shall go into this plan in some detail in this article. Subsequent ones will give the reasons why it is necessary to bring this about. The figures and facts quoted may seem to make rather dry reading, but are given for the reason that I wish to impress on my readers what a concrete plan for the development of our National Defense is based on and means.

The plan that I propose would cost, and could be created from what we have at the present time, as follows:

REVISED NAVAL AVIATION

The Air Service in the Navy can stay just the way it is. Its aeronautical personnel, except those who desire to transfer to the Air Force, can stay where they are. Their numbers, however, should be entirely regulated by the number of airplanes that the Navy actually carries to sea and operates. In addition to this there should be sufficient reserves both of personnel and equipment.

On a war basis, for the airplane carriers Saratoga and Lexington an estimate of one hundred and fifty planes, seventy-five each, can be made. Added to this, fifty planes might be carried by all other craft, or a total of two hundred planes for the Navy. With a fifty per cent reserve, the whole would amount to three hundred planes.



U. S. Army Air Service Photo

Two "airplane eggs"—eleven-hundred-pound bombs, ready to be carried over their target and dropped.

ALL airships should be handled by the Air Force, carrying Army or Navy observers when necessary. The whole airship question must be completely overhauled and not rushed into quickly again. All basic flying training and aerial combat instruction for naval aeronautical personnel should be conducted at Air Force schools. When they fight in the air they should fight under Air Force regulations. Their finishing training on the airplane carriers and other ships of the Navy should be carried out by the Navy and in any manner the Navy desires. In other words, it is distinctly up to the Navy itself to develop its aviation for work on the high seas. The Congress would judge what kind and how many airplanes, battleships, or other vessels are required for the Navy in the general national defense scheme.

The amount of aeronautical personnel necessary for these purposes would be about ten officers in naval headquarters at Washington; about two hundred and thirty flying officers, about two hundred observers, and about ten nonnavigating personnel for every airplane, or two thousand men. There should be a reserve

not on duty of about fifty per cent for pilots, and fifty per cent for ground men. This would seem the maximum that our Navy will need under any ordinary conditions for work at sea, according to the present system.

War casualties in naval aviation will not be high because they will not be engaged in constant combats with the enemy in an air war. They will be in combat only when hostile fleets come together, which in fact may be never, and if they do come together and the airplane carriers are sunk there is no further use for them until other airplane carriers are obtained. In time of peace all naval air units should be at fifty per cent strength.

This system gives the Navy no field for objection whatever, as they would have as part of their own organization all aircraft that go to sea in ships. On the other hand, it would stop the Navy from trying to create a land air service, which is not only no business of theirs but is directly contrary to the spirit of the present law of the United States, which specifies:

" All aircraft not attached to fleets but operating from land bases should be handled by the Army," or words to that effect.

This, under the program suggested, could be changed to the Air Force instead of the Army, except for the Air Service which forms a part of the Army.

Wide World Photo

Three prominent figures in the early days of the aviation controversy—former Secretary of War Weeks (left), Maj. Gen. Mason M. Patrick (center), Chief of the Army Air Service, and Colonel Mitchell, then a Brigadier General and Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service. They were photographed when accompanying the world flyers to the White House.

REVISED ARMY AVIATION

The Army needs a certain Air Service for what might be termed its domestic economy —that is, for reconnoitering the ground in front of it, for regulating and adjusting the fire of its missile-throwing weapons, such as cannon, howitzers, mortars, and other firearms, and for maintaining liaison or communication between its parts.

Let the Army determine just how many of these units it needs and where it needs them, then take the money for them out of its own appropriation, get its airplanes and equipment, and use them. It will amount to about seven squadrons in the United States, one in Hawaii, one in Panama, and one in the Philippines.

Based on about twenty airplanes to the squadron, this will make two hundred airplanes; fifty per cent reserve would make one hundred airplanes additional.

There should be about two hundred and thirty pilots and two hundred and thirty observers for the Army, and ten ground men to the airplane, making a total of about two thousand men. In time of peace all Army air units in the United States should be at fifty per cent strength; abroad, at one hundred per cent.

THIS contemplates that there be four complete modern infantry divisions and one cavalry division in the United States. These divisions should be distributed so that one of them would be available in the area Chicago-Bangor, Maine-Chesapeake Bay; one in the Middle States; one on the Pacific Coast, one on the Mexican frontier, and one cavalry division on the Mexican frontier.

The harbor defense artillery could use one squadron on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific. They could provide themselves with, and operate, whatever balloons they needed.

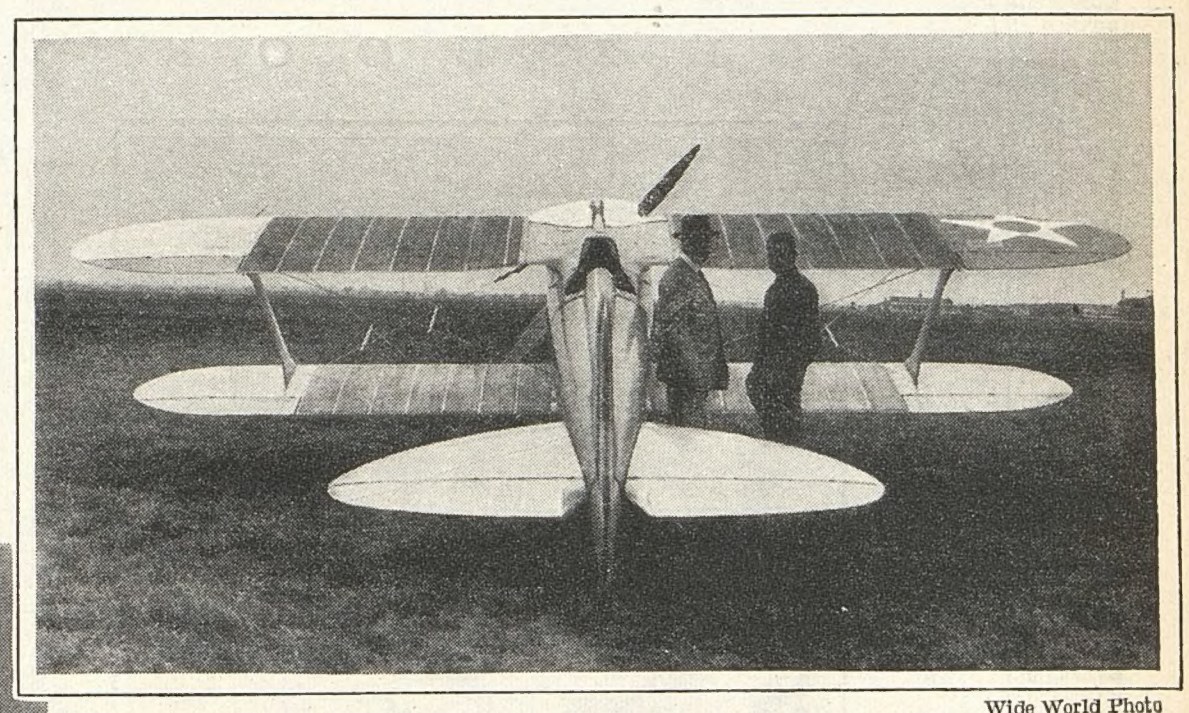
THE NEW AIR FORCE

The cadre, or frame, on which the Air Force in the United States should be built should contemplate the use in a great war of a total of about two thousand four hundred airplanes, two-thirds of which should be pursuit and about one-third bombardment, in which some attack aviation is included. There should be one hundred per cent reserves provided for.

This organization contemplates that one brigade of six hundred ships will cover the eastern part of the United States; one brigade of six hundred ships will cover the western part of the United States, and one air division of one thousand two hundred ships will be stationed so that it can be shifted either way or both ways, and even to our insular and outlying possessions instantly in case of necessity.

Supplementing this, there should be seventeen flights of six airplanes each covering our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. This gives a patrol and surveillance element for every two hundred miles.

I wish that it be distinctly held in mind that the stationing and distribution of air units in case of war, or even in peace, does not involve the tremendous construction work that is necessary for land forces or water forces.



Wide World Photo

The latest in American speeders—a Curtiss pursuit plane, designed to attain a speed of three hundred miles an hour. Maj. Gen. Patrick, in civilian attire, is looking it over with Lieut. James Doolittle of the Army.

Fields for operations can be prepared for occupancy within a few hours. Airplanes themselves in the future will need little or no shelter under service conditions. The comparatively small number of men that handle them can be easily housed. With a proper system, unencumbered by red tape, the whole thing can be put in operation with great rapidity.

To begin with, we can make a distribution of units in accordance with what we have at the present time, pending the gradual development of the plan as follows:

In case of war each of the first six groups following would provide for the formation of three additional groups, either at its own station or at other points in the area assigned to it. This would make a total of twenty-four groups, the number required for our Air Force of one division and two separate brigades:

Langley Field, eventually to be moved near Philadelphia: One bombardment group.
Selfridge Field, near Detroit: One pursuit group.
Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, which draws on the area Fort Worth, Dallas, and Houston: One attack group.
Chanute Field, Champaign, Illinois, eventually to be placed near Chicago, drawing on the Chicago area: One bombardment group.
Mather Field, Sacramento, California, drawing on the San Francisco area and the center of California: One bombardment group.
Rockwell Field, San Diego, California, drawing on the Los Angeles and Southern California area: One pursuit group.
Mitchel Field, New York: One local defense group.

Air Force in Insular Possessions.

Panama—One hundred planes for local defense. Peacetime, fifty per cent strength.
Hawaiian Islands—Three hundred planes, Air Force; one hundred, local defense. Peacetime, fifty per cent strength.
Philippine Islands—No Air Force units.
Alaska—In time of peace, fifty airplanes for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

. THE BOOK .

THERE'S EVER a thrill in giving the thing that is wanted. As a gift for Christmas, fine silk hosiery is almost sure to be the wanted thing. The safe present! Here are some of the advantages:

I. It is a *useful* gift, always needed, never superfluous; an every-day reminder of a discriminating generosity. And if it is Phoenix hosiery, it is peculiarly long-lasting.

. OF HOSIERY .

II. It is a *beautiful* gift. Pure silk is one of the richest and loveliest commodities in all the world. And never before have we woven it into such alluring patterns, with colorings that even the old dyers never attained.

III. It is an *appropriate* gift. Personal and intimate, there is fine sentiment conveyed in its choice selection.

IV. It is the *easily-purchased* gift. No tiresome shopping around, or last-minute stressful hunting for the less suitable things.

In the stores of America, Phoenix leads in sales, not only because of its outstanding elegance, but because it carries its wearers over record long miles—at low cost. Durability plus elegance! For men, women and children it is the standard hosiery everywhere.

MADE IN PHOENIX MILWAUKEE

© WDT

PHOENIX HOSIERY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

development work, establishing airways and studying aeronautical needs.

Schools

Langley Field, Hampton, Virginia: Operations school for training staff and commanding officers of Air Force units for offensive work against hostile air forces, against hostile seacraft, and against hostile land targets.

San Antonio, Texas: Special schools of application for pursuit, attack, and bombardment aviation, and for Air Force surveillance, observation, and photographic work. A primary flying school for the training of officers from the Army and Navy and such Air Force officers as may be designated to take the course. The bulk of the primary training should be carried out at the stations of the major units.

The training of mechanics and inspectors should take place in factories where engines and aircraft are built, in civil institutions of learning, and in the engineering school maintained with the engineering and experimental section at Dayton, Ohio.

All reserve personnel should be attached permanently to some active unit, and required to fly an average of about four hours a month and to turn out for maneuvers with the units for a month's training each year.

Technical specialists on a staff basis not eligible to command are not included.

Supply organization should consist of depots in the same locations as at present:

Middletown, Pennsylvania, for the eastern part of the United States.
Fairfield, Ohio, for the Central States.
San Antonio, Texas, for the Southwest.
San Diego, California, temporarily, for the Pacific—to be eventually removed to Reno, Nevada.
At Dayton, Ohio, the engineering and experimental section of the Air Force.

NOW, how would this system work out?

In time of peace the Secretary of Air could handle all matters direct with the units, or, in case he saw fit, he could create another organization to facilitate administration.

The active air units should handle the organization and training of all combat personnel; the schools, the preparation of the personnel; the supply units, the organization and training of all specialists and supply personnel, the system for the production of aircraft and accessories, their transportation, storage, and issue, and keeping up to date supply plans to be used in case of a great emergency; all to be prescribed and coordinated from the headquarters at Washington, District of Columbia.

In time of war the Department of Air at Washington should be charged with the preparation, supply, and transportation to the tactical Air Force of all active Air Force elements, personnel, and materiel. This organization should be permanent and should be divided into four territorial departments, as follows:

Eastern Department—Headquarters at Philadelphia.

Central Department—Headquarters at Chicago.

Western Department—Headquarters at Sacramento, California.

Southern Department—Headquarters at San Antonio, Texas.

Air Force Tactical Headquarters—Besides the commander of the armed forces of the United States and under him responsible for the tactical employment of the Air Force and its use and coordination in any given operations. There should be intimate liasion between him and the Department of the Air. This plan will positively eliminate every bad feature that we had in the last war. Its only disturbing element would be in a lack of appreciation by the Department of Air for the wants of the Tactical Air Force. This, I am convinced, with officers trained in the Air Force, will not exist in a great emergency.

THE NEW ORGANIZATION—ALL SERVICES

	Planes	*Officers*	*Men*
NAVY	150	220	1,000
ARMY	150	250	1,000
Total, Army and Navy	300	470	2,000
AIR FORCE—			
Units in United States	600	1,200	6,000
New York local defense unit	100	50	1,000
Airship Installations—			
Lakehurst	...	50	500
Scott Field	...	50	500
Schools—			
Langley Field	...	50	500
San Antonio, Texas	...	150	2,000
Experimental Section, Dayton, Ohio	...	50	1,000
Supply services	...	250	6,000
Insular Possessions—			
Panama local defense unit	50	50	500
Hawaiian Islands	200	200	2,000
Alaska	50	100	500
Total, Air Force	1,000	2,200	20,500
GRAND TOTAL	1,300	2,670	22,500

Assuming that $2,500 per man be taken as the cost of the Air Force per year, which is based on the estimate for the Lassiter Army Project, now known as Project No. 4 (incidentally, the War Department Project is for 4,000 officers and 25,000 enlisted men), the total cost of the Military Air Service would be about $63,500,000. Add to this $500,000 for the maintenance of the office of the Department of Air, including the Undersecretary of Air and the Assistant Secretary of Air, it would give us about $64,000,000.

The Army estimate known as Project No. 4 is about $75,000,000. I recommend that the Curry Bill with modifications to meet the recommendations above be used as the basis for legislation for a Department of the Air.

Of the above, the Air Force itself in time of peace, exclusive of the Army and Navy, would be composed of 1,000 service planes, 2,200 officers and 20,500 men. No numbers have been put down for training planes, as the proportionate number of one plane for twenty men is covered in the general estimate.

Now let us take a look at what our entire national defense scheme would be in case we put the plan I have suggested into operation.

First, we would have a Secretary of National Defense, charged with coordinating the Army, Navy, and Air Force; the Army, charged with the defense of land areas; the Navy, charged with the defense of sea areas; the Air Force, having jurisdiction over air areas. The Army and Navy would have with them, as a permanent part of their own organization, the air services necessary for their own domestic use.

These three forces—land, sea, and air—would balance each other. There could neither be a tie vote, as between the Army and Navy, nor an interlocking directory against Aviation.

THE Air Force would oppose any spreading out of naval activity on the land and would keep pushing it out to sea. It would stand for the cutting down of navy yards, except where actually necessary for the maintenance of our Navies, surface or subsurface.

It would stand for the cutting down of coast artillery except in important places for the defense of cities that could be fired into.

It would stand for a reasonable development of anti-aircraft artillery and appurtenances.

It would stand for having an adequate army, a mobile army, a well-equipped and well-appointed army, which would absolutely insure holding of all land areas in which it operates.

To sum up its influence—it would be to insure the defensive integrity of the United States as a self-contained unit.

Both the Army and Navy should subscribe to this general scheme from a standpoint of service to the country and the benefit of all. If they did not, the Secretary of National Defense would act as judge in any discussion arising between them and coordinate the services. If this were impossible, each branch could state its case with equal freedom.

Each service should freely criticize the other in every way it sees fit, but such criticism should be constructive, giving reasons and remedies. Under these conditions there would be an accord in a comparatively short time—certainly in the minds of the people—as to the best means of defense for our country.

It would hold one man, the Secretary of National Defense, responsible under the President for the defense of the country. He could hold the undersecretaries definitely responsible for the Army, Navy, and the Air.

In next week's Liberty Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the U. S. Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, will present the Navy view of the current air controversy, explaining in detail why he believes, contrary to Colonel Mitchell's opinion, that we should NOT *have a separate air force. Colonel Mitchell's second article—in which he charges that "we bury our heads in the sand like the ostrich"—will appear in an early issue.*

THE CURRY BILL

Which Colonel Mitchell Favors in Principle

THE Curry Bill provides for creation of a Department of Air, under a Secretary of Air; organization, disposition, and administration of a United States Air Force, development of civil and commercial aviation, and regulation of air navigation. The bill provides for the transfer from the War, Post Office, Navy, and Treasury Departments to the Department of Air of all offices, personnel, duties, and responsibilities in connection with aerial defense, air mail, and other aerial activities.

The Department of Air shall consist of four main divisions: the Air Force, under a commander, who shall be military adviser to the Secretary of Air; Division of Civil Aeronautics, Division of Supplies, and Division of Research.

The Air Force shall consist of the Regular, Reserve, and National Guard Air Forces. The commissioned personnel of the regular Air Force is not to exceed, at first, two thousand line and five hundred staff, exclusive of two hundred and fifty medical, officers. The regular Air Force shall include not more than two thousand five hundred flying cadets, one hundred warrant officers, and fifteen thousand enlisted air men.

The bill was introduced into Congress by Representative Charles F. Curry of California, February 13, 1925.

Will you find the way to *your* Spanish Garden?

CREAM STUCCO. Scarlet hibiscus. Black iron grilles. High above, the whispering fronds of a coconut palm. A great red jar in the corner. A table set for luncheon on the cool, tiled floor. A brilliant splotch of sun on the wall. *Your* Spanish garden? Why not? . . . You can have a home in Coral Gables in the picturesque manner of old Seville, decorated in perfect taste, with a garden that takes you back to the days of Spanish domain. It will cost you no more than an ordinary home on a dingy city street —*and its value must increase as the city plan matures.*

CORAL GABLES is being built according to a plan designed by famous architects, not by politicians. Every home, club, hotel or business building must conform in architecture and planting to this plan that carries on the Spanish traditions of this old Spanish colony. While the city plan progresses, while the University of Miami is building, while the private schools and country clubs are breaking ground for their new buildings—property values advance. And so many substantial projects are under way that such an advance should reasonably continue for many years.

Will You Share in This Prosperity?

Home-builders from every state in the Union are erecting hundreds of houses that stabilize present values, and form a solid base for even greater affluence. You may buy but a single plot, or you may build an estate adjoining the new Miami-Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables. But you cannot escape your share in the general prosperity that must attend the steady growth of Miami and its environs. Thousands of people have attained financial independence. It is *your* turn now. For the tide of prosperity has only begun to rise.

The Coupon Brings You Rex Beach's Dramatic Story—Free

REX BEACH has written a book about the miracle of Coral Gables. Send for it. Better still, come and see for yourself. Let us tell you about the special trains and steamships that we run at frequent intervals to Coral Gables. If you should take one of these trips, and should buy property at Coral Gables, the cost of your transportation will be refunded upon your return. Sign and mail the coupon—*now!*

Your Opportunity

Coral Gables property has been steadily rising in value. Some of it has shown a 100 per cent increase *every year*. Roger Babson says that Florida offers the greatest opportunity for money-making of all the states. Yet building plots in Coral Gables may now be secured by a moderate initial payment. These plots, for homes or businesses, are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed in convenient payments over a period of three years.

The Facts About Coral Gables

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 100 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. Two country clubs are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. Thirty million dollars have been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. Seventy-five million dollars worth of property has already been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be ready about January, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain these buildings and improvements, all of which will be completed within a few years:

The $15,000,000 University of Miami, the $500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a $1,000,000 University High School, a $150,000 Railway Station, a Military Academy and Stadium, a Theatre, the College for Young Women of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, a Conservatory of Music, magnificent new entrances and plazas, and other remarkable projects.

CORAL GABLES CORPORATION LB-33
Administration Building
Coral Gables, Miami, Florida

Please send me Rex Beach's story on the miracle of Coral Gables. I understand that this places me under no obligation.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

CORAL GABLES
Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front
GEORGE E. MERRICK

When will you accept this evening's entertainment-free?

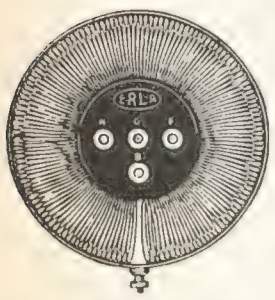
Thousands are spending a unique and delightful evening listening to the phenomenal new-type radio. If you have no radio, or if yours is out of date, by all means make this amazing test in your own home.

LET one of radio's newest discoveries provide an evening of delight and amazement. A new-type receiver is offered you to enjoy *alone,* right in the privacy of your own home. You are asked not to purchase it or any other set until you have first made this conclusive test.

A revolutionary radio principle

Do not neglect to see this new-type 5-tube radio that is being so widely discussed in scientific circles. Thousands who have doubted reports of its performance find that they have been without exaggeration. Greatly improved reception is obtained through a new and different principle of inductance. And upon inductance rests the vital elements of receiver performance.

New kind of coil brings 4 striking improvements



New Erla Balloon Circloid Coupler and Transformer

Based on the new inductance principle is a new type of coil—the Erla *Balloon *Circloid. It is found in Erla alone. No other set, regardless of price, can give it to you. And 75% of the remarkable performance of the Erla Circloid Five Receiver may be traced directly to circloids.

Thousands of tests reveal four outstanding advantages through circloid amplification.

(1) ***Greater Distance.*** Circloids offer nation-wide reception in winter. 1,000 to 1,500 miles on reasonably clear nights in summer. Because they have practically no external field to interfere with adjacent coils and wiring circuits, proportionately higher amplification is permitted in each stage. Hence increased sensitivity and range.

(2) ***Better Selectivity.*** Stations separated by only a few meters wavelength can be tuned in or out with surprising ease. Find any station previously logged in 20 seconds. Because circloids have no pickup qualities, only signals flowing in the antenna circuit are amplified. Static is materially reduced.

(3) ***Increased Volume.*** Higher radio frequency amplification because of circloids gives concert volume to distant signals no more than audible with ordinary receivers.

(4) ***Finer Tone.*** Ends forever the fuzziness and blurring so often considered unavoidable. Circloids' self-enclosed field eliminates stray feed backs between coils, and hence does away with mushing and distortion. Lowest to highest tones are full and crystal clear, with the finest shades perfectly reproduced.

This sign identifies authorized Erla distributors and dealers. All are equipped to give complete radio service.

*Trade Mark Registered

See how little this fine receiver costs

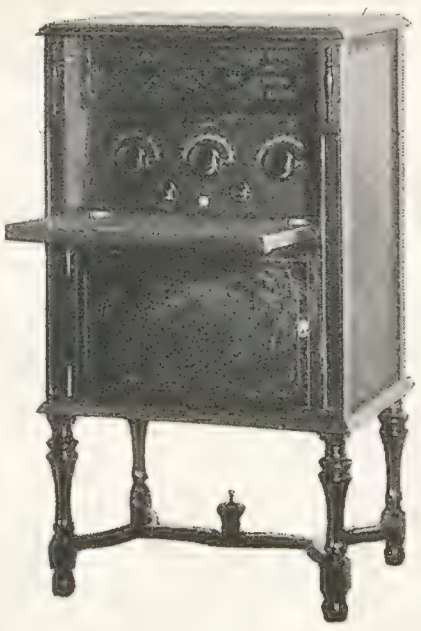
The price of Erla receivers is as surprising as their performance. Read the descriptions under those shown here. You can see why we say "Add $50 to $100 to the price of any Erla receiver, *then* compare it with others."

As leading parts manufacturers, we have, above everything else, maintained mechanical excellence. Merged with the world's largest chest and cabinet manufacturer, we save the cabinet makers' profit. By making 95% of the parts that go into Erla, our price includes only one profit instead of three or four.

Now a tremendous demand proves the soundness of low price policy when extremely fine furniture and scientific excellence are paramount.

Here is the safest way to select a radio

So that you will not be inconvenienced,



Add $100 to its price, then compare it with others

The Erla Circloid Five De Luxe Console, in quartered and matched French walnut. Loud speaker built in. Without accessories only $142.50. Standard Console of similar design in two-tone walnut, $113.50. On Pacific coast $150 and $119 respectively.

Illustration at top of page shows cabinet model. In rich two-tone walnut finish, $69.50. In quartered French walnut, $77.50. Pacific coast prices $73 and $82 respectively.

an Erla Circloid Five is installed for you. An expert briefly explains its revolutionary principle and shows you how to secure the best results. Then you and your friends are left alone to listen without interruption.

This is a unique way for any manufacturer to display a radio—by letting it demonstrate itself. Few receivers today could stand the test.

And it is the safest way for you to select a radio . . . under actual conditions in your own home. You know then just how it is going to perform in the place where you want to enjoy it.

Test today what we believe is by far the best radio made. Years have been spent in perfecting it. The new and revolutionary principle gives results that are astounding.

Take the coupon to your nearest dealer or send to us direct. Please make this test at once.

ELECTRICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES
CHICAGO

Free—This Unique Test

ELECTRICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES,
2500 Cottage Grove Avenue, Dept. 4-B, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

☐ Please have my local Erla dealer lend me a set for an evening.

☐ Please send me your interesting new radio book, "Better Radio Reception."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... County..... State.....

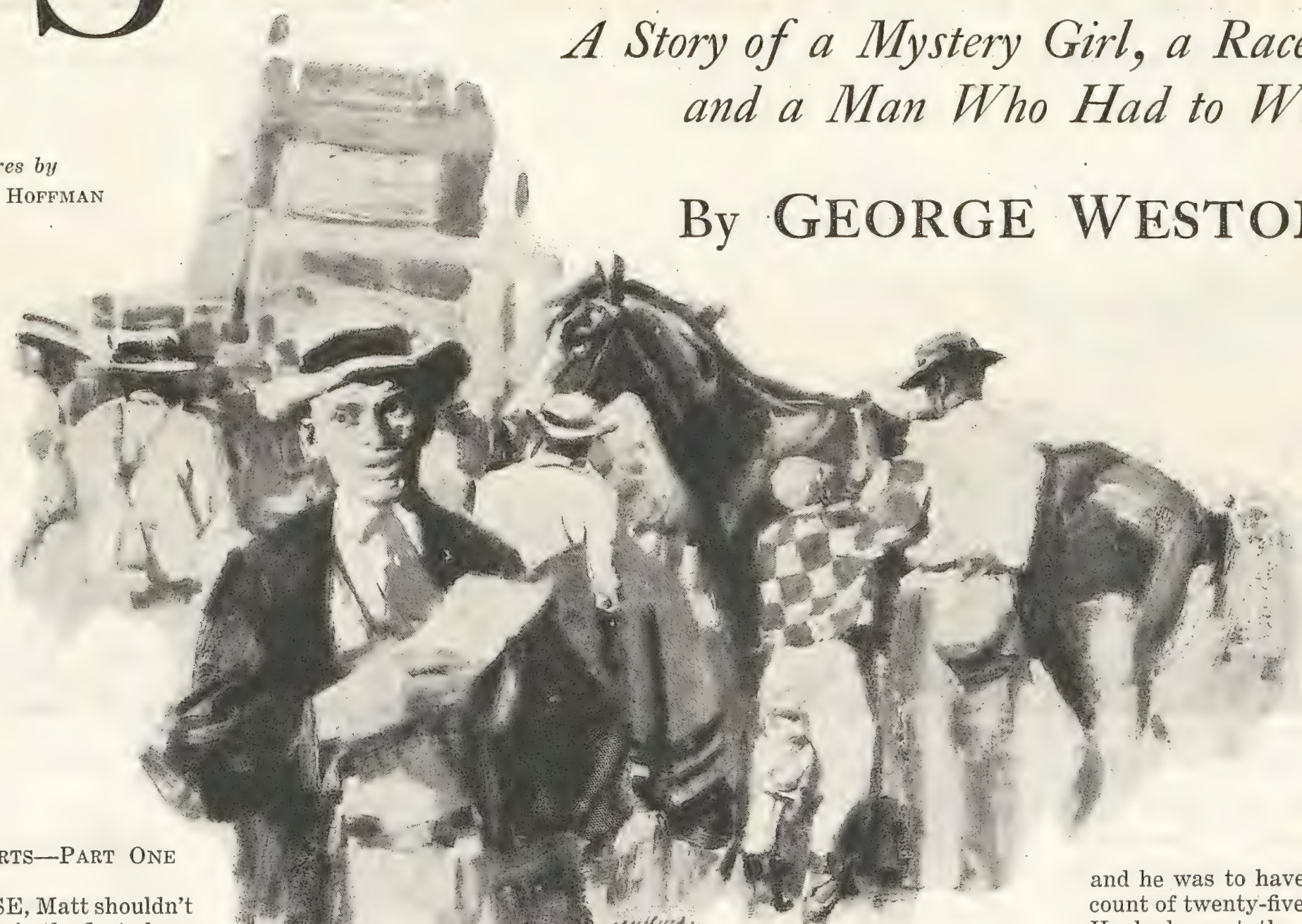
DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS—Aggressive individuals or organizations, with or without previous radio experience, may secure exclusive franchises in territories still open by writing or wiring immediately.

SIX in a ROW

A Story of a Mystery Girl, a Race Track, and a Man Who Had to Win

Pictures by
FRANK B. HOFFMAN

By GEORGE WESTON



SOL was a big fish in this particular pool, even if he did have a face like a frog.

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

OF COURSE, Matt shouldn't have gone in the first place. Indeed, during nearly all the time of which we are about to tell he ought to have been hustling for business. But, for one thing, he possibly had some inherited weakness for horses. It would be a bold student of the human race who would come out flat-footed and say such a thing can't run in the blood.

The first time that Matt's father ever saw Matt's mother, for instance, she was riding Methuselah, a dappled brown gelding who liked to get up on his hind legs if a motorcycle suddenly appeared around the corner; and it is only quoting family history to say that Matt's mother went out for her daily ride up to and including Decoration Day in the year when our hero was born, during the last week of July. And on his father's side, Hosea Matthews was among the first breeders of the Narragansett pacers, away back in the seventeen-seventies—a strain of horses as famous in its day as the Morgan horses became a century later.

Nevertheless, Matt shouldn't have gone, and he probably wouldn't have gone if he hadn't been so completely fed up with Kilbourne's Kil-Dust (Makes Country Roads Like Asphalt). It had sounded all right when he had taken a selling agency, especially when it was pointed out to him that his territory covered a slice of fashionable Long Island.

"You know any of that crowd over there?" old Phineas Kilbourne had asked him.

And, truth to tell, it was a natural question, for although Matt's earthly possessions at the moment consisted of two suitcases of clothes and considerably less than a hundred dollars in cash, he had that tall, handsome, careless look which is generally associated with the youth of the gilded rich—this, too, no doubt, a legacy from his forbears. For when you take the bad, you know, you must also take the good.

"No," said Matt, and carelessly added, "not yet . . ."

Matt was dressed that day in brown, having an eye for style and color, and looked as though he had just tubbed, while as a matter of fact—but on second thought we needn't go into that. . . . And in the same way that he had an instinct for style and color—which, after all, is the gift of pleasing the eye—he also had a flair for gentle manners; a rather deceptive flair, this last one, and contradicted point-blank by the curve of his chin and a cool, blue glance that generally stopped the pushers in the subway.

"Have you a car?" old Phineas had presently continued.

"A car in New York?" said Matt, raising his eyebrows.

"No, but you'll need one out there. Still, if we can agree on the rest of the terms, I'll see if I can find a flivver for you; but you'll have to keep it in repair yourself, and buy the gas and oil."

They had taken up terms, then. Matt's commission was to be twenty per cent on sales, and he was to have a drawing account of twenty-five dollars a week. He had spent the next few days learning to drive the flivver—an open-faced model, wound by hand, and each door blazoned with the legend, "Kilbourne's Kil-Dust," and around that, in a circle, "Makes Country Roads Like Asphalt."

Perhaps because it rained nearly all the time when he was learning to drive, Matt christened the car "The Mushrat," and before the next month was over he and The Mushrat had explored Long Island from one shore to the other.

But whether it was due to his lack of skill as a salesman, or a lack of appeal in his product, the fact remains that in all that time he didn't sell a single ten-pound can of Kil-Dust—to say nothing whatever of the two-hundred-pound drums . . . *or* the carload lots!

AND yet it certainly wasn't for lack of trying. On the afternoon when our story opens, for instance, Matt had succeeded in making a demonstration to Senator Starrett himself—Old J. B., who had spent a good many millions on his show-place, but didn't seem to have a nickel for Kil-Dust. And when you consider the Senator's power in politics and his reputation of being the heaviest real estate owner in that part of Long Island, you can understand Matt's anxiety to land him.

The demonstration took place in front of the Starrett mansion, on a curve of the gravel driveway which swung up to the veranda steps. Here Matt sprinkled his powder on a stretch of road about twenty feet long, and then ran The Mushrat backward and forward in front of the house half a dozen times. On each side

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

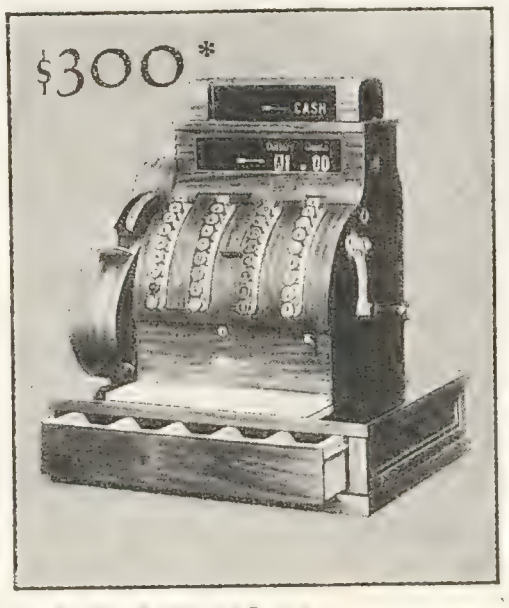
The people *and* plant that stand behind *every* National Cash Register

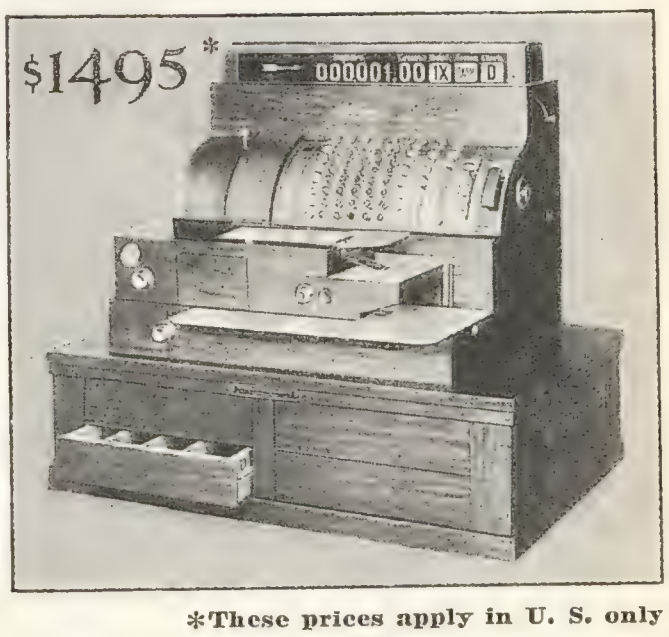
Photo. of National Cash Register Plant and Employees, Taken June 2, 1925, Showing Four of the Twenty-six Factory Buildings

THOUSANDS of men and women workers! Enormous modern factories, covering 46 acres of floor space! Millions spent in research! 41 years devoted solely to making National Cash Registers! All with one great purpose.

To build cash registers for you. Cash registers to protect profits, stop losses, cut expenses, help business grow.

Cash registers that fit your business exactly, no matter what it is—how large or small.





National Cash Registers—$75, $100, $125, $150 and up

*These prices apply in U. S. only

National Cash Registers do it. They do it for every kind of business in the civilized world where money and records are handled.

How we have made National Cash Registers do this is a remarkable story.

A story of progress! The first National Cash Registers met the needs of forty years ago. The present National Cash Registers meet the complex needs of our day. There are more than 500 different types and sizes. When business requires more—and it will—we will build more.

It's a story of service! Making Nationals save and earn money for their owners. They quickly repay their cost.

And another kind of service! Putting National Cash Registers within reach of all with low prices, easy payments, liberal allowances on used machines.

These thousands you see have the National Cash Register ideal of progress and service. From the president to the office boy, each is working to make the best cash registers in the world, to be sold at the lowest prices.

These giant factories are a monument to their success—a guarantee of the permanence of their work.

While, in every quarter of the earth, representatives of The National Cash Register Company are daily meeting the business world, studying business problems with business men, blazing the way for ever greater achievement.

The National Cash Register Co., Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

National Cash Registers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

of the treated area the dust arose most unmistakably, but where Mr. Kilbourne's powder had been applied the road stayed pat and wafted not, even looking slightly damp and glistening a little, as though sweating in its conflict with the imprisoned clouds below.

"You can imagine," said Matt, "how much work it saves in the house, and a moment's thought of the serious sicknesses which are caused by germs will convince you that its use is warranted by this one consideration alone. Not only that, but it also makes the road solid, prevents washouts and ruts, saves raking and straightening the gravel, kills weeds and insects . . ."

In short, Matt was going it strong, not exactly depressed by the fact that he also had an audience on the veranda—a number of ladies sitting in rockers, hatted and dressed as though they were presently going out. It was in Matt's mind that when they went they would take the fame of Kilbourne's Kil-Dust with them, but his main ambition, of course, was to land J. B. for an introductory carload.

Senator Starrett was standing on the bottom step of the veranda—good-natured, domineering, lazy, with a proud projection of belt buckle which might have served as a medal for some of the good meals he had eaten. It was just after lunch—in itself a period of benediction—and he was smoking a cigar which might almost be said to be wearing a garter—a cigar whose smoke arose around his head like incense wreathing in front of a fat-cheeked Buddha—a wise-looking Buddha, too, you understand, who looked as though he were quite enjoying the show.

"Will it cure warts?" he interrupted.

There was laughter then from the rockers, as though from the gods in the gallery, and Matt instinctively shot up a look which wasn't exactly admiration.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I say, will it cure warts?"

"Warts on the road, yes, sir."

"But suppose my roads don't have warts. Wouldn't I be paying for something which I didn't need?"

AGAIN there was laughter from above, especially from one pale-faced goddess whose mouth looked like a splotch of crimson on her face—a contrast almost as startling as the coloring of the immortal Grock. She had her legs crossed, and, although in make-up she was the star performer, most of the others around her had evidently studied in the same school.

"We have quite a few horses around here," continued the Senator, who evidently thrived on applause. "Will your powder cure hoarseness?"

"To the extent that it kills dust, yes, sir," said Matt, standing up very straight.

"Well, that's all the time I can give you now," said the other as a limousine came rolling up the drive. "We're going to the races—to see if we can get a little dust there—a little gold dust, this time, if we're lucky."

The goddesses began to descend, and Matt saw that his demonstration was over.

"All the same, I'll call again tomorrow," he told himself as he rolled away in the faithful Mushrat. "But when they once start kidding, I guess, they don't buy much."

A sense of failure, almost of bitterness, gradually began to take possession of him, and for the next few minutes he probably felt toward Kilbourne's Kil-Dust (Makes Country Roads Like Asphalt) much as a spirited young fox terrier feels toward a dead kitten which has been tied around his neck.

"No use trying any more this afternoon when I feel like this," he thought, and, chancing to remember what Senator Starrett had told him—"We're going to the races"—he added, "That seems to be the favorite amusement around here this week," and after that it was only a step to, "I've a darned good mind to go myself—to see what it's like. I've never been to a race track, and maybe it would do me good and make me feel more cheerful. . . ."

There was one thing sure—he could find the place easily enough. He knew that he only had to take a place in the well-nigh continuous procession of cars which were rolling along the parkway.

"Well, here goes!" he suddenly told himself.

And, swinging The Mushrat in between a taxi and a custom-built sedan, he, too, was on his way to the races—just as well as Senator Starrett and all his merry crew.

MATT parked The Mushrat outside and joined the line at one of the ticket windows. The price of admission to the grand stand startled him, but he soon forgot that as he walked inside and caught his first glimpse of the setting of the sport of kings.

The day itself was a fairly good sample of perfection. There was a deep blue sky, for instance, that was lightly flecked by bits of celestial wool, and there was a breeze from the sea which seemed to have a stimulant in it.

Matt's pulse began to quicken, even though he didn't know it. They can say what they like about the impossibility of such things running in anybody's blood.

"Pardon me," said Matt to a young man who was studying his program, "but is this the first race?"

"Yes," said the other, a wise-looking young man with a high collar and a handkerchief that matched his tie and hose.

"First time I've ever been to a track," explained Matt, apologetically, "and I haven't got the hang of it yet."

"'S'easy enough," said the young one. "You get a program, and the horses are numbered. All the horses on the program don't run, but the starters are posted on a blackboard under the grand stand before each race."

"Thank you very much," said Matt, politely.

He bought a program and pushed his way through the milling crowd in the paddock wondering what desperate business they were bent on there.

"Can't see the race from here, that's sure," he thought. "I'll try the grand stand."

But first he went to see if he could find the blackboard which the young man had told him about; and when he found it, he could almost imagine himself back at school again, except that the scholars were in long trousers and were standing instead of sitting at desks. But there they stood, in front of the blackboard, very serious, almost solemn, each with a pen or a pencil, first studying the names and figures on the board and then making careful notes of the result of their studies.

Matt watched one of these students at work, and then marked his own program accordingly—getting the hang of things, you see—but still not understanding the well-nigh breathless intensity on most of the pupils' faces.

"I'd better go up now," he thought, "or I'll miss the first race."

The judges' stand was obvious enough—Matt didn't have to ask anybody about that—and it was equally clear that the posts in front of it were the winning posts and marked the finish line.

"I ought to get as near to that as I can," he told himself, but when he climbed into the grand stand he saw that the section of the stand behind the winning posts was railed off from the general public, and that, whereas in the rest of the tiers, practically every seat was taken, there was plenty of room in the railed-off inclosure, except in the front, which was divided into boxes, and those were pretty well filled.

"How do you get in there?" Matt asked a cop.

"Have to show a member's ticket," said the cop, without taking his eyes off the starting barrier across the field.

Matt was still looking over, half frowning, at the empty seats in the forbidden area, when he caught sight of Senator Starrett in one of the boxes, and at the same moment the Senator caught sight of Matt and nodded—always in his good-natured, domineering, lazy way. For a moment, Matt half wondered whether he might be beckoned over, but the Senator turned to speak to his party—evidently about the afternoon activities of Kilbourne's salesman, for some of the girls in the box glanced up at him and she with the crimson mouth began to laugh.

Matt's back went stiff then, and, seeing that all the seats above were taken, he started down the stairs, not noticing at first that Senator Starrett had left his place in the box and was making for the aisle on the other side of the dividing rail.

"Hello, son," Matt suddenly heard him say. "What are you doing this afternoon? Killing dust—or time?"

"I'm thinking up new arguments, Senator, to sell you a carload," said Matt, warmed a little by the friendliness in the older man's manner.

SIDE by side then they walked down a few steps of the grand stand, the inviolable railing between them.

"Going downstairs?" asked the Senator.

"Yes, sir," said Matt.

"Good. Save me the trouble. Give this card to Sol Becker, will you? And tell him to wish me luck."

It was an engraved card—"Mr. James Van Rensselaer Starrett"—and underneath the name was a line, scribbled in pencil, "$100 on Honeydew."

"Sol Becker, then, must be a bookkeeper, or a bookmaker, or whatever they call them," thought Matt, and aloud he said, "Sure I can find him?"

"You can't miss him," said the Senator, showing a touch of domineering impatience. "Fellow with a face like a frog. Anybody will tell you."

Matt didn't like that so much, and at the best of times he wasn't fond of being anybody's messenger boy; but he was still interested in getting the hang of the thing and always in the distance, like a full moon rising over the water, was the possibility of a carload order for Kilbourne's Kil-Dust (Makes Country Roads Like Asphalt), with constant repetitions after that.

So Matt went down. His first question—to an obviously steady patron—was, "Pardon me, but do you know where I'll find Sol Becker?" Everybody seemed to know where Sol was. They directed Matt with a promptness which seemed to have something respectful about it, and it began to strike him, if vaguely, that Sol was a big fish in this particular pool, even if he did have a face like a frog. Matt's last inquiry was answered by the silent pointing of a thumb, and a moment later he knew he had

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reached the man for whom he was seeking.

Yes . . . even in profile, Sol's face was curiously like a frog's—the same hungry lips, for instance—the same prominent eyes and slant of forehead; and even as the frog is studded with warts, so Sol seemed to be studded with jewelry—rings, pin, watch charm, cuff links with diamonds set in them, and a gold pencil almost fat enough to be a sawed-off section of some imperial scepter.

And, when Matt spoke to him, Sol suddenly seemed to be looking at him without blinking—looking at him without turning his head—for all the world like a frog which is ready to jump at any angle and might presently be heard on the other side of the pool uttering a deep-toned "Jug-a-rum . . . Jug-a-rum . . . !"

"Mr. Becker?" said Matt. "Senator Starrett asked me to give you this card."

Sol gave it one glance and wolfed it into his pocket. Matt returned to the grand stand then, and, thinking he saw a vacant place, he made his way up the stairway by the side of the members' inclosure.

"Yes, sir; an empty seat. I'm lucky," he thought.

IT was then for the first time he saw the girl sitting next to the empty seat—sitting quietly—it might be said sitting sadly—and as Matt stopped and looked down at her he had the queerest little feeling inside him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but is this seat engaged?"

"No," she said, making room for him.

Matt sat down beside her, and just at that moment the first race started.

They can say what they like, but nearly every man is moved by some particular type of girl more than he is by others. This girl next to Matt, for instance, had class written large all over her; and more than anything else Matt had always admired girls who didn't look common. Moreover, she had a keen chin and rather high cheek bones, and Matt had always liked to look at girls who had profiles like that. And she was fair, with a certain combination of serious eyes and saucy nose, which had always appealed to him.

And he liked her hair, which hadn't been bobbed, but came down over her forehead with a fringe. And he liked her dress, a soft voile with a design of little flowers. And he liked her parasol, which looked sporty; and her hat, which had quite a brim to it; and the way she sat, which a novelist might have described as queenly.

In short, Matt didn't see a great deal of the first race, but when the horses turned into the stretch and those in the grand stand began to climb on their seats in order to get a better view of the finish, Matt waited until the girl by his side had stood up, and then he stood up, too, and so had his first view of a charge of racing horses flashing past a judges' stand.

Those around him, he noticed, seemed to have different ideas as to which horse had won; but the girl in the voile dress didn't seem to have any doubt about it.

"I wonder if the Senator won," thought Matt; and, taking his courage almost tremulously in his hands, he said to the girl, "I beg your pardon, but do you know which won?"

"Honeydew," she said, without lifting her eyes from her program.

MATT waited until the girl by his side had stood up, and then he stood up, too, and so had his first view of a charge of racing horses flashing past a judges' stand.

Her voice, Matt thought, was as beautiful as herself, but very guarded, very restrained. And then, perhaps, because she could sense that Matt wasn't fresh—and partly, too, perhaps, because she hadn't looked up from her program—she added, "Five to one, too. Did you have anything on her?"

"No," said Matt, almost afraid to breathe for fear of breaking the spell. "It—it's the first time I've ever been to a race, and I've hardly got the hang of it yet."

Whether or not instinct warned him not to crowd her any further then, he pretended to study his program, and the girl began watching, as though for someone she knew—standing up once, but soon sitting down again, as though half ashamed of her obvious anxiety.

"I want to get a bit on the next race," she said, as though excusing herself to Matt.

"Can I help you?" he eagerly asked. "I—I know one of the bookmakers."

"No, thank you," she said. "There'll be a runner up here in a minute."

They began chatting, and she explained some of the things in the program to him—the weights, the distances, and how if two horses or more are entered by the same owner, and you bet on one of them, you win your money just the same if one or the other horse from the same stable comes in first.

"There's a lot to learn, isn't there?" said Matt.

He caught it then for a moment—a full glance of the drama which was never altogether absent from her eyes.

"Believe me, though," she said, almost underneath her breath, "it's better never to learn it!"

The runner came loping up—a thin youth in a black sweater and a cap with an oversize peak. He and the girl whispered together a few times and then she wrote on a slip of paper, "$30. Metropole to win. 4 to 1. Miss A. B. C."

MATT, of course, didn't see that; but he was seeing something else which was moving him more deeply than any bet on Metropole could have done. On the third finger of the girl's left hand he was looking at an engagement ring, its stone alive with color—white fire for innocence, and blue fire for beauty . . . and red fire for "Danger! Beware!"

Metropole lost the second race, and as the horses went thundering past the judges' stand the girl sat down before anyone else around her—the sad look more evident than ever in the depths of her eyes.

"Did you lose?" asked Matt, guessing.

She nodded.

"I'm sorry," he said.

And perhaps because she could tell from his voice that he meant it, she didn't look quite so sad, but even smiled a little as she said, "Some day I hope to get six in a row."

"Six in a row?" he repeated. "What's that?"

"There are six races a day," she told him. "Say I start with five dollars and win the first. Then I put all my winnings on the second, and say I win that. Then I pick a horse in the third race, and back him with every dollar I've won. If *he* comes in first, I take every cent of my winnings and bet it on the next race. And so on for all six races. You see what a lot of money I'd make?"

"It's hard to do, though, isn't it?" said Matt.

"I've never done it," she sadly replied. "I've got as far as the third race—and then lost it all! And today—well, I won the first, but the second one cleaned me out!"

THERE was no denying her sadness—a sadness which certainly didn't belong to a girl like that, and with such a ring upon her finger. Matt found himself more and more interested in her—keener and keener to solve the riddle that was sitting by his side.

The runner came loping up, but the girl shook her head at him, and the runner went loping down again, empty-handed.

"Are you going to bet on the next race?" asked the girl, turning to Matt.

It hadn't particularly occurred to him before; but now he thought that he would. In a way, she seemed to expect it of him, and—well, at least, he had ten dollars which he could spare.

"Which would you bet on?" he asked.

But she wouldn't tell him that.

"I'm not lucky," she said. "I thought Metropole was going to win. You might hear something down below, though. That's the worst of being a woman—you can't get around."

When Matt was in the aisle, Senator Starrett first beckoned him and then came over to the dividing rail.

"Son," he said, "you gave me luck. Give this to Sol, will you?"

It was another of his cards, and on it was written "$100, Maybelle to win."

"This is from Senator Starrett," said Matt when he reached Sol's side in the inclosure below, "and this ten dollars—that's from me. I want to bet on Maybelle, too."

Sol gave him a look which said "Piker!" as plainly as though the word had been shouted, and, indeed, he probably wouldn't have bothered with Matt if the latter hadn't appeared to be a close friend—or possibly the secretary—of Old J. B.

"Don't show the money here!" he snapped, beneath his breath. "Stick it in an envelope and put your name and address on it."

Somewhat abashed, Matt did as he was told, and Sol wolfed the envelope with an impatient snatch of his hand. Matt returned then to his seat in the grand stand, the girl giving him a quiet little smile of welcome as she made room for him.

"They seem to be awfully shy about showing any money downstairs," he said.

"Yes," she said. "It's against the law, you know, and no money is supposed to pass at the track."

"But what do you do if you win?" asked Matt, after a thoughtful pause.

"Some of the little bookies pay outside the entrance gate," she said, "but the more responsible ones mail checks so you get them in the morning."

Matt remembered then that Sol had asked for his name and address—information that had been duly written on the envelope which inclosed his ten dollars.

"Which horse did you pick?" she asked.

"Maybelle," he answered.

"Not bad," she nodded. "What odds did you get?"

"I didn't ask."

"It's generally better to ask; then they can't shade you if the odds shorten. But you ought to get four to one, anyway."

Meanwhile the horses had been taking their places at the barrier across the track; and the girl in the voile dress had hardly finished speaking when that electric movement went through the stand—that audible whispering sigh of suspense—which means "They're off!"

Matt felt it then—the thrill of those who have made their first bet on a field of galloping horses—who, out of a distant blur of racing thoroughbreds, have chosen one which they hope will be favored by the gods of chance to streak its way past the judges' stand in front of all the others.

"Maybelle," said the girl, hastily consulting her program. "She's number eight, and Graves is riding her—green silk and cherry-colored cap."

THE horses were at the turn, almost invisible from where they sat, but when they straightened out for their dash to the post Matt caught the glint of the jockeys' colors and strained his eyes for a red cap topping a green blouse. But though he saw purple caps, and lavender caps, and spotted caps, and a weaving patchwork of blouses which seemed to contain every color from Joseph's coat, the approaching avalanche of horses had reached the far end of the grand stand before he saw a crouching red-capped figure being rushed along by the rail—a crouching red-capped figure which had been hidden by the two leaders and was now fighting his way into the lead himself.

The spectators in the stand were on their feet—some shouting, some muttering, and some of them showing their hope or despair in tight-lipped silence—and when the three leading horses passed directly in front of Matt the red-capped figure was still slightly behind the two others and still crouched low upon his horse's neck, straining, eager, as though pushing his mount ahead by the winged intensity of his own will to win.

"Companion! Oh, you Companion!" shouted some.

"Buster Boy! Go it, you Buster Boy!"

"Maybelle! Maybelle!" arose a crescendo cry—a crescendo cry to which, to his own surprise, Matt found that he himself was contributing.

It was one of those tight finishes in which everyone has to wait till the judges announce the winner; and presently another crescendo arose, more like a roar this time than a cry.

"What is it?" Matt excitedly asked.

"Don't you see?" the girl asked him, pointing to the names of the three horses which had just been raised across the track. "Maybelle

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won! I thought she did! And, in a way, I'm awfully sorry, but you've won your first race."

Matt knew what she meant, and away down deep he was glad that she had said it.

He had long been familiar with the old superstition that it's unlucky to win the first game—and when the girl in the voile dress said that she was sorry—yes, and looked it, too, with the sadness which always seemed to be latent in her glance—it indicated that, at least to some extent, she was interested in him—an interest which thrilled him almost as much as the race had done.

But the next time he went down into the ring a disappointment was waiting for him when he returned. The girl had gone, and, although he waited until the last race was over, he didn't see her again that day.

But one day follows another, and on the next afternoon, when Matt went up into the grand stand, he found her in the same seat where she had sat the day before.

"Hello," she said, and then after a pause and with one of her sad glances, "I had hoped you wouldn't come."

"I couldn't stay away," he simply told her.

He had received Sol's check that morning—sixty dollars—and perhaps because the gods of chance like to make new devotees as they stroll among the sons of men invisibly rolling their gold and ebon spheres, Matt won forty-five dollars more before he left the track that afternoon. Already, you see, he was beginning to evolve a system.

THAT morning he had bought a copy of *The Daily Winning Post*, a sporting paper which made a specialty of racing news, and on the front page he had found printed a consensus of tips for that day's racing, showing the horses which had been selected to win by the racing experts of the other newspapers.

"When the experts disagree, I sha'n't bet," Matt had told himself, "but where they are unanimous, or practically unanimous, it seems to me it's worth a bet."

So he bet on Prospero, Merrimac II., and Sly Fish, and though Prospero lost, both Merrimac and Sly Fish won their races, and Matt was forty dollars ahead for the day when he finally jogged away in The Mushrat at the end of the last race.

After that, as you may guess, it would have been hard to keep him away, particularly when you remember that the love of horses was probably born in him, just as surely as his love for flowers, say, or children—or even as surely as his admiration for queenly-looking girls had been born in him, especially queenly-looking girls with serious eyes and saucy noses, whose profiles might have been drawn by Du Maurier and whose voices had those alto notes which sometimes seem to move the heart with a touch at once wistful and sad.

So day after day, Matt found his way into the grand stand of Belmont Park, and although the girl wasn't always there, there were few days when he didn't see her—few days when she didn't give him her smile of welcome and mutely make room for him by her side.

Her name, he discovered, was Lawton—Miss Muriel Lawton—and she lived in New York and was nearly always taken home by friends.

"I've got a little car down here—The Mushrat," Matt told her one afternoon, "and any time your friends aren't here——"

"NO," she said, "I can't do that." And didn't even thank him.

"I was a fool for asking her," Matt told himself. "When a girl's engaged—nice girl—it stands to reason that she wouldn't go riding with men that she happened to meet at a race track."

But still she puzzled him.

Every afternoon she bet on the first race, and, if she won that, she bet on the second—evidently trying to realize her ambition of winning six in a row.

But she seldom got farther than the second race, and when she lost she didn't bet any more that afternoon.

"Probably comes out to be in the air as much as anything else," thought Matt. "Might have been sick, and isn't strong enough yet for exercise. There are times when she looks as though—well, as though she's had an operation or something like that, and only just made the grade. And she comes up here to be quiet, and it's up to me just to be nice and friendly with her, because she's only got to go and sit somewhere else in the grand stand and I'd probably never see her again."

And besides—he was busy perfecting his system.

One day, under the grand stand, while checking off the starters, he saw a cheerful little old man whom he had noticed before.

"Got anything good on the first race?" the cheerful little man asked him.

Not without a touch of condescension, Matt answered, "I play a system."

"Trouble with systems," said the other, "you don't stick to 'em. 'Tain't in human nature. They're like any other systems—daily dozens, dieting, work, women—'tain't in a man to stick to any one long."

Matt stuck to his system though,

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and was moderately successful, and though he didn't repeat his winnings of the first few days, he made enough to pay his admissions and to keep ahead of the game.

But along toward the end of the second week Phineas Kilbourne began to complain. Perhaps you remember old Phineas, originator and sole patentee of Kilbourne's Kil-Dust (Makes Country Roads Like Asphalt).

"Why aren't you sending in any orders?" he wrote. "Kilbourne's Kil-Dust is making sensational record sales in all other districts. Please show results without further delay."

To which Matt replied, "I am devoting most of my time establishing friendly relations with Senator J. B. Starrett. If we can land him, there's no end to the business that he can throw our way. If this is not satisfactory, please let me know, and I will return last two weeks' advance and try to connect with some other agency."

And in a way it was true. Nearly every day the Senator was in his box and nearly every day Matt took the Senator's cards down to Sol Becker.

"Son," said the Senator one afternoon, "you're lucky to me."

"Yes, sir," said Matt. "Some day when you've made a killing, I'm going to sell you an introductory carload of Kil-Dust."

"All right," said the older man with his domineering good nature, "but you've got to make the killing first. Understand?"

THAT was the afternoon when, the experts disagreeing on the last two races, Matt left the track early and saw Miss Lawton waiting outside in an imported limousine which had a Japanese chauffeur.

"I thought so," said Matt, his heart sinking as he strode over toward The Mushrat. "The quiet rich—they're generally the richest of all."

He had to crank The Mushrat nearly a minute before she caught, and oh, but didn't she rattle before he throttled her down!

"But why does she look so sad?" he mused, still busy with his thoughts. And waking in the middle of the night, his subconscious mind must have been wrestling with the problem, too, for all at once he found himself thinking, "You wouldn't think she'd look so sad—with everything she's got. . . ."

Sad or not, however, it was evident that Miss Lawton liked Matt—evident, too, that her liking grew as the days passed by and the racing meet neared its close.

For one thing, perhaps, he looked so straight and clean, and he had such a masterful curve to his chin, and for another thing, he was so careful always to avoid doing those things, or saying those things, or even looking those things, which a girl might consider fresh. Both those considerations probably had something to do with it.

But deeper than either, it is just possible that even as she had made Matt feel a bit dithery inside ever since he had first seen her, so, too, in the same mysterious manner he had moved her—had warmed her imagination and fed her dreams—had given her something to think about a dozen times a day.

And so it came to the Tuesday afternoon in the last few days of the meet. Matt had been delayed with a flat tire and when he went up to his accustomed place in the grand stand, there was a touch of color in Muriel's face—a touch of color which spread in heavenly waves as he took the seat which she had saved by her side. A little while later, taking her program to mark the horses which had been scratched for the third race, her fingers happened to touch his. Under cover of the program, as though of its own volition, his hand closed over hers in a moment, and when she quickly pulled away, she scratched his wrist with the setting of her engagement ring.

"You see?" she said in a low voice that trembled a little. "It warns us."

"I MAY be at the track tomorrow," she said, "but if I am, we shall be—well, just two acquaintances; we have said 'good-by' and now——"

"You know you don't love him," he replied, in the same tone. She said nothing to that.

"Listen," said Matt, still speaking under his breath. "We've got to have this thing out. Let me take you home this afternoon."

"No," she quickly answered. "You can't do that."

"Well, then, where can I meet you tonight? If it's only ten minutes . . ."

She thought, and instead of waves of color moving over her face, it was more like a white rose—a white rose seen in the moonlight, with the Blue Danube being played a long way off.

"Of course, I shouldn't," she said, "but—do you think you could be on Riverside Drive tonight? Just south of Grant's Tomb?"

"Yes," he eagerly whispered. "I'll be in my car—a little open flivver. What time?"

"Well," she said, considering again, "I'll try to get there as near after half past eight as I can."

Matt could hardly have told you how he spent the rest of the day, but at half past eight he rolled The Mushrat up against the sidewalk just south of Grant's Tomb, and hadn't been there five minutes when Muriel quietly appeared as though from nowhere and was standing by his side looking at him.

"Hello," said Matt, hastily opening the door. "Come in."

"No," she said. "I—I'd rather walk. I've only got a few minutes."

So they went down into the park and found a bench and when they sat down she turned her head away and he thought she was laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" he said.

"I—I'm not laughing," she managed to tell him.

He comforted her then in the immemorial manner.

"THIS other man," he said, divining the cause of her sorrow after she was quiet again. "You'll simply have to tell him that it was all a mistake."

"But—I can't," she said, blowing her nose.

"Why not?" demanded Matt.

"Because—I've got to marry him."

"Got to? Why?"

"Oh, I can't tell you; it would take too long," she said, "but dad was frightfully in debt—nearly a hundred thousand dollars—and—well, in a way, I'm paying for him. . . ."

"You poor kid," he said, an infinite pity in his voice, "but don't you see——"

He argued then, argued with all the suppressed eloquence that was in him, but it wasn't long before he saw that he was only hurting her—hurting her and wasting precious time.

"I must go now," she said, rising.

They kissed and she whispered, "Good-by."

But Matt wouldn't have that.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked.

"I'm going away Friday," she said. "That—that's why I said good-by."

"But can't I see you tomorrow night—or Thursday night—just for a few minutes?"

"No," she quietly answered—quietly and sadly—but Matt could see that she meant it.

"I may be at the track tomorrow," she said, "but if I am, we shall be—well, just two acquaintances—like we have been; we've said 'good-by' and now——"

They went up the steps together into the lighted promenade above, and a few minutes later Matt was sitting alone in The Mushrat—sitting alone and staring across the river with that expression, half sad, half tragic, which even Homer noted in his lovers—oh, many and many a thousand years ago.

Will fortune smile upon these two young lovers? They do not know it, but fate has a most fantastic twist in store for them—as told in the concluding installment, in next week's issue.

When a Woman Pays the Way

Why the Battle of Love vs. a Wife's Money Is Not Always Won by Love

When we gave a party he always drank too much. Then he had sort of a crush on a pretty girl of twenty who, I thought, was terrible.

As Told by a Victim to

BRENDA UELAND

Pictures by FLOYD DAVIS

IN a recent issue of Liberty a Squaw Man gave his version of married life as a virtual dependent upon the fortune of his wife. The Squaw Man fell into a rut and remained there. But here is the other side to the situation—that of the rich woman who is the wife of a man less blessed with worldly goods than herself. A pompous but comparatively poor man, and a clever and wealthy woman—conflicting elements not calculated to foster romance.

AS A rule a man with a small income who has a rich wife is looked upon with scorn by his fellows; scorned not only if he is a young dandy who enjoys his state of dependency but even if he is a hard-working, honest fellow who, because of his wife, must live in a style beyond his income.

But I have a few words to say on this subject because I am quite rich and was married to just such a hard-working, honest fellow who, because of his egotism as a male, cracked under the strain of it.

Here is the story.

My parents were quite rich. When I was twenty-two my father died and I inherited half a million dollars. I also inherited some of my father's energy and enterprise. I was graduated from college and immediately I began to explore this world. I even had aspirations to become learned; went to the Sorbonne in Paris and won a degree; returned to New York and went to Columbia, planning to salt away a Ph.D. in biology.

Now you will think from that that I was an earnest woman with thick lenses in my glasses. But I was not at all. I have always been frivolous in spirit. I was good looking, wore the smartest clothes, blew my money for pearls and emeralds. I loved society and had among my friends all sorts of people—bizarre ones and sensible ones. My enterprise in becoming educated was simply one manifestation of my energy, as I can show. For at the same time that I was working for my doctor's degree I was as passionately interested in learning

eccentric dancing, and attended a Broadway school to this end, learning "the limbers," cart wheel, high kicking, all sort of things, in company with a lot of chorus girls and male vaudeville actors with gold teeth.

But then, at twenty-four, I fell in love with a man whom I will call Jack Jones. He worked for a New York trust company. He was thrifty, well set up, healthy, with all the manly virtues. The love business hit me all of a sudden, and for nearly two years I became all that he wished—home-loving, almost demure.

It upset Jack from the beginning that I had so much more money than he. He wanted me to live on what he earned, or as nearly as possible. He also took a firm and strong-minded interest in looking after my investments. In recalling all this I can now remember that he made a great to-do over the fact that my investments were in a terrible state. Yet it turned out that only one very small assortment of stock had to be sold.

Jack's salary was six thousand five hundred dollars a year. We were to live on that. So we took a small house in Rye, out about twenty-five miles. I did housework, which is one of the most depressing of activities.

Suddenly one morning I got sick of it. "This is the damnedest nonsense in the world," I thought, and went out and bought a handsome roadster; then drove it to an employment agency and hired two servants, a man and his wife. After that, to an antique shop, where I bought over two thousand dollars' worth of paintings, silver candelabra, early American glass, Directoire beds with swans and stars on them, and a lot of other things for which I had been longing.

When I showed him my swag Jack was strangely upset. It was almost a row. Curiously enough (and I couldn't quite see the point) he kept saying:

"Now, Maisie, if you do things like that I'll simply have to wash my hands of the responsibility of your finances."

This, it flitted through my mind, was an illogical remark, as he really did not have the responsibility of my finances.

We lived more elegantly for a couple of years. Then I grew restive again. As I said, I was interested in clothes. I had a lot of ideas about dresses and jewelry. I wanted to open a shop in New York on the second floor of a Madison Avenue building.

Well, when I told Jack about it he was very much exercised; thought it the craziest possible venture. But I stuck. Even in the face of his anger, I signed the lease, bought a lot of stock, and hired a couple of salesgirls, at which we had our first serious row. Again he said:

"I'll simply have to wash my hands of taking care of your estate if you are so headstrong. A woman is bound to get into all sorts of trouble."

THE storm blew over and I found myself in business, working hard, but as lively and excited as a boy killing snakes. For the first three months I lost money, all of which, in a surprising way, would make Jack feel very tender and indulgent.

"You'll learn," he said. "Poor little Maisie!"

But the third month the shop made sixty dollars.

"We're pulling out," I said. Jack, to my wonder, looked disappointed. He asked me all sorts of questions about my books, the overhead, the turnover, and what not.

"What do I know about that?" I said. "I add and subtract, and there is the profit."

A few more months passed. The profits grew with each month, and Jack, in inverse proportion, became more silent and disapproving. The tenth month the shop made more than two thousand dollars. And my husband was so disagreeable about it that I got mad, which I rarely do.

"What's eating you?" I said. "What on earth have I done? If I'd lost the money you might be justified in your grumpiness. But here I am doing you a good turn. You ought to be delighted. When you have a piece of good luck I'm beside myself I am so pleased over it."

"Why should I be happy? You're killing yourself. You're away from home all day. I have no wife any more; simply a place to sleep."

"No wife! Listen, Aristotle, be logical. I am home before you are every night. And you can't say this house is not run well. And I'm affectionate and full of fun. Why, thinking it over, I'm a much nicer wife than any of the ones we know."

Then, suddenly one day, Jack adopted a new line of argument. He loved children. Marriage without children was a hollow sham. He wanted a real home.

"All right," I said. "Sure. I like children myself."

The ordeal did not seem to do me up as much as Jack and his mother assured me it would. In fact, they disgusted me terribly with their solicitude, and threw up all sorts of obstacles to any activity on my part. But in spite of them I did a lot of work.

When my daughter was born I found a very intelligent nurse. If you can do this a baby is not a chore at all, although the Joneses were unanimous in agreeing that I neglected her. But I knew this was not so. The baby turned out to be one of the most beautiful, healthiest, and smartest creatures I have ever seen.

Then came another turning point. My shop was making so much money I decided to open a place on Fifth Avenue. Jack opposed this with all his might. But I persisted. Then he became, in a strange way, exceedingly glum, almost morose. I used to think he disliked me.

Also, although I think he did good work at the bank and had now a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year, he became

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Suddenly one morning I got sick of it. "This is the damnedest nonsense in the world," I thought.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

something of a soak. I felt very bad about this, for I knew he was unhappy; and I was much in love with him, considering him by all odds the nicest man in the world.

When we gave a party he always drank too much. I would know it, although the others may not have, because he became so pompous, too much the great financier. Then he had sort of a crush on a pretty girl of twenty who, I thought, bigotedly, perhaps, was terrible. She was a little pink sloth, the kind of a girl whom boys chase with snakes.

Things came to a bad pass. Jack became almost intolerably disagreeable to me. It was apparent that he was falling in love with the little pink sloth. I was quite unhappy about it. Yet somehow I felt myself so superior to her that I was not as destroyed by jealousy as I might have been otherwise. My own life, you see, was active, like that of a very successful man. I was so much liked and admired by a number of people the emotion did not hit me as it does most females.

But anyway I was acutely unhappy, and Jack was going on the rocks. Then we had it out. What was the matter with him? What could I do to make things better? Was he in love with me?

AT that he began to cry. He was! Yes! And I could see that it was true. At length I got it out of him that the trouble was this: The fact that I was rich, but most of all the fact that I (since I had had money in the first place to back myself with) had built up a large and profitable business, humiliated him before all other men. The house was not his. People did not recognize him for himself but because he was my husband. He had no place in our house when we had guests. At this point I had to say:

"But that is funny, Jack. The house is always full of your friends, and I always take a back seat and let you do all the talking and lay down the law. You are much more emphatic than I am. My friends are all 'long hairs,' as you call them, and I rarely have them around. And I assure you with all my heart that all I make is yours. I have so much fun working out ideas I can't help it. But every cent I make is yours. Exactly as if you made a lot of money you would feel you were doing it for me as well as for yourself."

"But that's it," he cried out, with such feeling I was almost scared. "Can't you see? I can't take money from a woman. I have no self-respect. For God's sake, can't you understand that? I'm not a cake-eater."

To my horror, I thought he was going to burst into tears again, all of which made me feel so bad that I myself cried.

So this is what we decided upon: I sold out my business. I didn't mind. I had made a lot of money on it and was not particularly interested in becoming a leading dressmaker. Another thing, I began to understand my husband's unhappiness, perhaps better than he did. So I said this:

"Now I am going to put you in complete charge of all our money. You are the head of the family. You can give me an allowance or an income. All I ask is, don't make me economize. But, another thing, I am going to give you two hundred thousand dollars outright. I'm a fool! I should have done it long ago. I have been rottenly selfish. This money will be yours. Why in thunder didn't I think of doing that when we were married? You should have asked me. Then you could have built up your own fortune independently of me."

So we did all that. He sobered up immediately. He dropped the little pink girl like a hot cake. We had another child. He was more ardently in love with me than he had ever been.

Now what I tell in the next few paragraphs took, of course, about five years to develop. But I must be concise.

The sad part of my becoming just the kind of a wife Jack wanted was this: For me love isn't enough. To be some man's dear little woman—well, that is nice. But there is so much else to do in this world, and who knows if we live again? Moreover, now that I was so satisfactorily docile and inactive I had a chance to study Jack. I observed that he was turning into the kind of a person who gives me a pain.

First he became very complacent and chesty, talked more glibly and unctuously than ever about high finance and investments, like this:

"I bought two hundred shares of Engineer's Gold today. Maisie [tenderly] thinks I'm crazy [news to me]. . . . I think I'll get an English car this spring. I've always wanted an English car. . . . I'm thinking of sending Maisie and the children to Bar Harbor this summer. Maisie wants to go to Monhegan, but I'd rather send her to Bar Harbor, where there are more amusing people."

Then he was so much interested in economy. My instincts, and I inherited them from my father, are to be generous and reckless.

But what annoyed me most was this. He was always trying to make out by compliments that I was a dear, weak little woman who must be protected and shielded from doing anything foolish. I wasn't strong. I mustn't tire myself. My tendency was to overexercise. A woman should certainly not play golf without stays. Her innards wouldn't stand it. Whenever I made a suggestion as to some business project of his he would always shake his head tenderly and indulgently.

"You think so, do you? You darling! No, dear. Now here. Let me show you." And out with his pencil. Yet I observed he usually snapped up my suggestions and put them into practice.

I became so bored I knew something would have to happen soon. His attitude as the protecting, all-wise male became distasteful; not because I resented it that our money was originally mine but because, after all, I had made a quarter of a million dollars and he concealed it from people as anxiously as if I had been in the workhouse for shoplifting. At length I couldn't even like him any more. I knew a break was coming. But it was hard, for there were many affectionate memories of him.

THE break came about in this way. I knew a motion picture magnate. He offered me a position as a sort of assistant director in an enormous production. I was to design the costumes and work out the settings, for which (it would take only about eight months) I would receive a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars. Well, I decided to do it, that's all.

Jack made violent objections. Not the real ones, *i. e.*, that he could not bear to have me make a lot of money, but said he could not let his wife be thrown among such low-class people. This particularly miffed me, because I wasn't much interested in the people he sanctioned. They really weren't so much. I was crazy to see some human curios, anyway.

It would be necessary for me to go out to California for six weeks. My expenses were to be paid for this eventually. But in the meantime Jack, demonstrating his masculine wisdom—it seems incredible—would not give me money for the trip. And there I was, with nearly a million dollars that belonged to me! Of course it was easy to borrow money, and I went off, knowing that the final break would come soon. It came. As in the instance of the camel, it was a small thing—a straw.

While in California a friend of mine from Rye came upon me.

"Maisie, you are certainly an energetic woman, doing all this. What is it, high blood pressure, or what? I wish I had your steam."

"It's easy," I said. "All you have to do is to jump up in the morning and get busy. Act! Act! Do Something!"

"But this art for art's sake stuff," she said. "If you were paid for it, well, that would be something."

"Say!" I said. "I get twenty-five thousand meg for this. Eight months' work. Not so bad."

"Why," she exclaimed, opening her brown eyes very wide, "Jack said you were doing it just because you wanted to meet some new types. Something to occupy your mind."

WELL, as I said, it was the last straw. I was so unreasonably mad I wanted to throw my hat down and jump on it—like the comedians in burlesque shows.

In the next half hour I wrote to Jack and told him I would not be married to him any more. The two hundred thousand I had given him was his. But he had to cough up what was mine. The house in Rye (which was really mine, I suppose) I offered to buy from him at a profit. To make a long story short, he accepted all my terms.

He married not long afterwards the little pink girl who pretended when there were men around she couldn't swim. They say he is very happy. I hope so. He still tells people (they tell me) that I am a fool about money and that he really subsidized my ventures and for years husbanded (an excellent word) my estate, tripling its value. But if he says those things it's all right. I don't mind.

I myself have been single ever since, and it is such an agreeable state that I am amazed so few people seem to think of it.

A few nights ago I met at dinner a distinguished but taciturn professor of psychology who, at the end of the evening, came out of his bashful trance and said the following:

"The more commonplace a man is the more passionately he believes that women are weaklings and fools. One can experiment among one's acquaintances. Tell a man who is unsuccessful financially about some woman who has made money. He will assure you that she must have inherited it. If not, she was undoubtedly the darling of some man who was willing to endow her. Talk to a weak man about the prowess of some woman athlete. He will shut out the unpleasant news by cries of, 'Look at Jack Dempsey.'

"I was driven here by a very stupid taxicab driver. He could not get the address right and had four narrow escapes. As we came along Park Avenue, ahead of us we saw there had been an accident. He turned, and yelled in at me, 'I'll bet it was a woman's fault.'

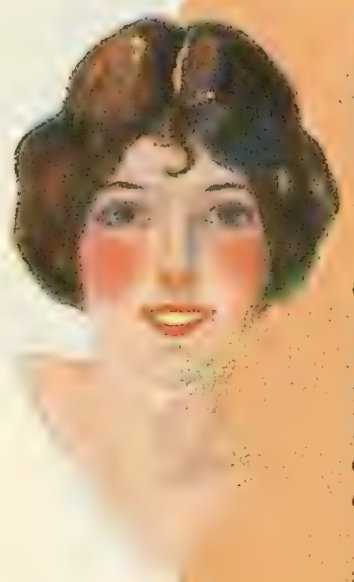
"A philanderer is always dead sure that his wife, his mother, and all superior and desirable women can love only one man in a lifetime.

"Myself, for instance. I am not jealous of a woman who is financially successful because I was never interested in making a fortune. But if one came along who could cut circles around me as a psychologist I would be very much disturbed. I would think, no doubt, of plenty of reasons, physiological and otherwise, why she would never amount to much."

I found these remarks very stimulating.

THE END

"There are no homely women; there are only women who do not know how to be beautiful"



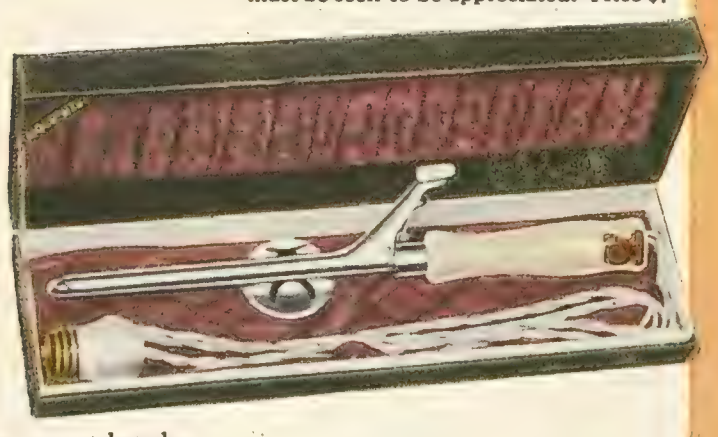
HOLD-HEET DeLuxe electric curlers and hair dryers mark a new advance in beauty aids. By far the most lovely appliances that ever graced Milady's dressing table, they are a joy to behold —a delight to use.

With their graceful ivory white or rosewood handles they come to you nestling in pebbled gray-green leatherette boxes lined with variegated crimson silk. Yet their beauty is more than "skin deep." All of the efficiency features, including the famous guaranteed Hold-Heet element, that have made Hold-Heet the largest selling curlers in the world are in these charming devices. Thus beauty is fused with service — a combination assuring lasting satisfaction.

Cultured women everywhere — women who instinctively appreciate finer things—are discarding ordinary clumsy curling irons for Hold-Heet DeLuxe curlers and hair dryers. They are proud to have them on their dressing tables; many use the elegant boxes for gloves, handkerchiefs, etc.

With a price range of $3.50 to $7.00 Hold-Heet DeLuxe electric curlers and hair dryers represent unusual values. There is nothing finer as a gift—nothing more representative of refined taste. Your dealer can supply you if you ask firmly for Hold-Heet DeLuxe curlers and hair dryers.

Here are America's most beautiful ivory white handled electric curlers and hair dryers. Ask your dealer to show you this attractive Hold-Heet DeLuxe outfit; it must be seen to be appreciated. Price $7



Same as above, except that the Hold-Heet DeLuxe hair dryer is omitted. Comes in five styles with either ivory white or rosewood handles. Special firm spring action holds the stubborn hair and makes a pleasing lasting curl. Price $3.50 to $5.00

Something New in Heating Pads

Heat is nature's greatest remedy—it often banishes pain when other methods fail. The need for applied heat is present in every home. And the best method of applying heat to relieve aches and pains is with a Hold-Heet DeLuxe Heating Pad. Where sickness and discomfort prevail the quality of the heating pad is important. You get the best doctor—get the best heating pad. The Hold-Heet pad applies heat when and where and how it is needed. Leaky, clumsy and steadily cooling hot water bags cannot compare with it for efficiency and reliable service. The Hold-Heet Pad is the modern heat application. With its wonderful self compensating double series thermostat, an exclusive Hold-Heet feature, and the three-heat nickel plated heat regulating switch you absolutely control the amount of heat—low, medium and high. Once you use the Hold-Heet Pad you will never be satisfied with obsolete hot water bags, bottles, etc. Its many advantages are obvious

The inviting fluffy virgin eiderdown cover on the Hold-Heet Pad is a joy to aching muscles and tender skin — it "snuggles up" to jumping nerves with a gentle healing touch that means comfort. The Hold-Heet DeLuxe Pad is full size, has 10 feet of flexible silk covered cord and an ivory white two-piece attachment plug. Comes in a beautiful leatherette box making it ideal for gifts. Costs but $10. Order one from your dealer today.

You will never purchase a more practical or pleasing appliance than the Hold-Heet DeLuxe Heating Pad. It eases pain and insures comfort. Will last for years and render efficient service. A real "good buy" at $10

RUSSELL ELECTRIC COMPANY
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The Bosch Radio Receiver, unapproached in tonal quality, volume, selectivity, simplicity of operation and beauty of design, is a product of an organization excelling in the manufacture of precision electrical equipment. The Bosch radio receiver and the Ambotone—the Bosch wood conoid reproducer—combine to give a new standard of quality in radio reproduction. The Bosch radio dealer near you will demonstrate the Bosch radio triumph. The Bosch Receiver $145.00 . . . The Ambotone Reproducer $27.50 . . . The Junior Ambotone $14.50.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

A Soldier of Fortune's Story

Adventures of the Greatest Adventurer of All the Yanks Who Have Written Fantastic History in Latin America

As Told *by* Tracy Richardson *to* Meigs O. Frost

IN preceding installments of this narrative, Mr. Richardson described his experiences fighting in Nicaragua and Honduras, and how he became involved in the revolution in Mexico against President Francisco Madero, who had deposed Porfirio Diaz. Although Richardson and his American companions were the best soldiers in the rebel army, they incurred the enmity of one of the commanding generals and narrowly escaped execution because of the Mexican's animosity. The Americans decided to leave that general's command and set out to join one of the other rebel generals with his army in northern Mexico.

PART FOUR

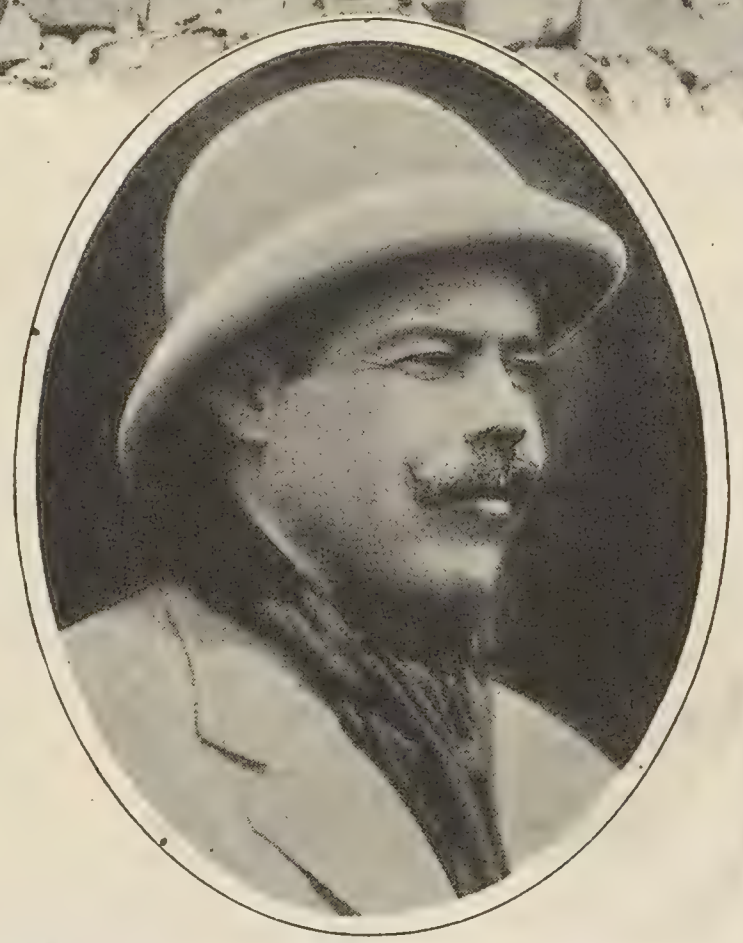
TWO days up the river valley we rode to Lerdo. We came to the town in the night, riding up to camp fires we could see surrounded by soldiers. We started to dismount, and were greeted by a blaze of rifle and pistol fire. We were in the middle of a Federal camp! They had taken the town while we were in Refugio. Nothing but the fact that there were only a few of us saved us.

Spurring our horses to a gallop, we dashed out of Lerdo to the north and went at full speed all night, fearing pursuit. We headed for Bermejillo, where we knew Orozco planned to make headquarters for his attack on Torreon.

Now we knew the Federals would be on the lookout for us, and we must do fast and furious traveling to escape. We headed for Conejos, sure that our crowd would hold that town because of the wells there. Luckily, there were plenty of ranches, and we were able to change horses daily, sometimes twice a day. We needed to. We were riding hard twenty-two hours a day, living on parched corn, half-raw chickens and canteen water.

Our road led along the railway line. A few miles from Escalen station we captured two Federal soldiers, and from them learned the first news we had had of Orozco and Salazar since our start south. Both had been defeated, flanked, pursued, flanked again, and forced to retire time after time. Our prisoners said the rebels had gone back to the border at Juarez, and the rebellion was over.

This was bad news. Already we had ridden at top speed for two hundred miles. Here was the prospect of six hundred miles more to go. Fast riding, too, for the Federals would be scouting for us. We decided to make a big detour to the west, avoid all Federals, and head straight for the border. Day after day we



PANCHO VILLA, with whom Tracy Richardson had many encounters, both hostile and friendly. Above: A rebel gun crew with the Orozco revolution in Mexico in 1912. Richardson is the man at the top of the picture, with his legs crossed. Sam Dreben, his fellow-adventurer, is standing just below and to the left, with his elbow touching Richardson's heel.

rode, night after night. And mighty little food.

Late one afternoon we saw a horseman galloping toward us. He was the only man in sight. We circled toward him. He proved to be a courier for Gen. Antonio Rojas of the rebels, who was holding Santa Rosalia. All the way up to him had come rumors that a rebel army was fighting its way north, and he had sent couriers out to guide us. We must have made rather an impression on the Federals for nine of us to grow to an army.

We headed for Santa Rosalia. General Rojas and his officers, riding in carriages mostly and with a band, rode out to meet us and escorted us to the town with military honors. That night what was left of the rebel army started for Chihuahua. Our column had been the only one to get within striking distance of Torreon. The rebels were short of ammunition now, Orozco and Salazar defeated, and the morale badly shattered.

Two weeks we rested at Chihuahua, and then Gen. Victoriano Huerta came north. We tried to ambush him at a mountain pass on the railroad, a spot the rebels deemed almost impregnable. But Huerta had brought two naval guns mounted on flat cars. Out of our sight and out of our range, they bombarded us. It was our first time under heavy artillery fire. Huerta shelled those hills and made a hell of them. Our men couldn't stand it. Within a day they were in full retreat. It became a panic. Chihuahua was looted amid scenes that beggar description, and then the rebels were in full flight for Juarez and the border. Sam Dreben and I went with them. That campaign was over.

PANCHO VILLA rode in and took Juarez. Sam Dreben and I had been paid off by Salazar, were in ample funds, and settled down in an El Paso hotel to see what would happen. Plenty was likely to happen with such a crowd of soldiers of fortune as were gathered in El Paso at that time. It was a great crowd. There was Giuseppe Garibaldi, grandson of the famous Italian liberator.

Then Pancho Villa came across the bridge from Juarez, announcing that he had come to shoot Giuseppe Garibaldi on sight. Villa accused Garibaldi of cowardice, and said he had hid underneath the international bridge during the fighting at Juarez, but had come out in time to claim half the credit for the surrender. Garibaldi denied the charge, but somehow he didn't seem to have the stomach to face Pancho Villa in a personal gun fight. Garibaldi held to his hotel room in El Paso for a week, telephoning the police.

A quiet, lanky Texas deputy sheriff walked out, found Pancho in a saloon, and, without raising his voice, made him put up his hands, searched him, took his gun away from him, and warned him that he'd throw him into jail if he ever caught him carrying a gun around El Paso.

Salazar sent word to me to keep him informed on the movements of the Federals. I had a hectic time for the next few months,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

THE BULL'S EYE (with the possible exception of the Congressional Record) is one of the most clean-minded, upright, stalwart, and—what is the other word they always use? Well, anyhow, we have the nucleus here of a great Periodical.

A few weeks ago the Newspapers held a kind of investigation to see if it was possible to run a paper without sensational features. They voted you couldn't do it (they wanted to use Sensationalism because that kind of news was easy to find).

But Ye Olde Reliable BULL'S EYE will show you that you can successfully run a paper on a Baptist's Basis. If you are looking for your favorite Murder Case, we don't carry it. If you are figuring on a Divorce and want publicity, you are not going to get into our paper. If you are contemplating murdering somebody so you can go into Vaudeville, you are Non-Compos Mentis, so far as we are concerned. We are not sensational. We only take one Ad a week, and that one Ad must be gone over thoroughly. We are like the Saturday Evening Post (another good paper.) This week the article we decided to have the most merit was "BULL" DURHAM. Next week it may be something else. But of course in the meantime, if there has nothing showed up which is superior to "BULL" DURHAM, why it may be "BULL" DURHAM again.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bank roll at the end of a week's smoking.

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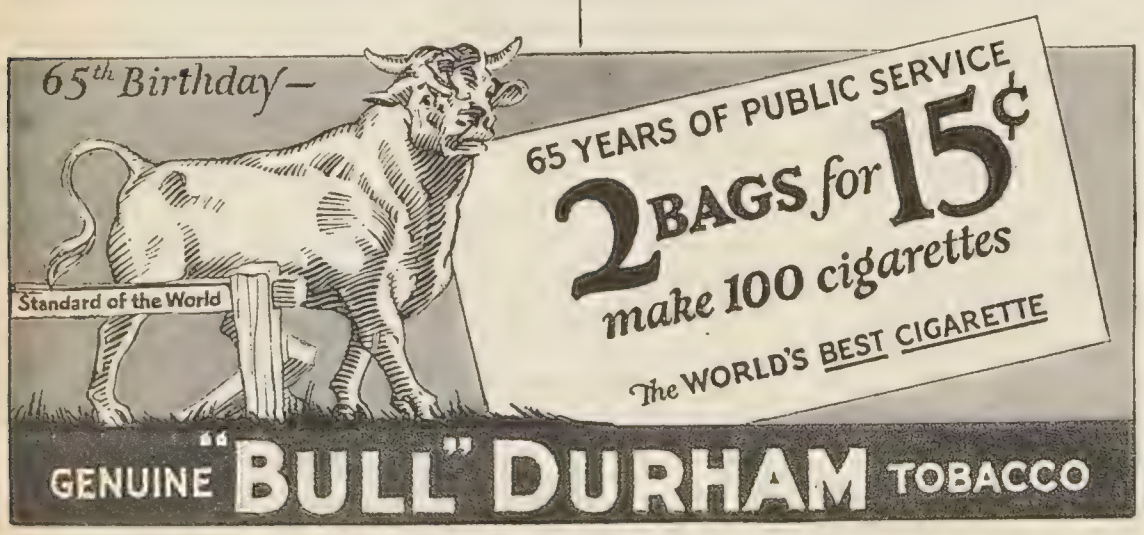

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staying in El Paso a while, and, when I had the information, slipping quietly over into Mexico to join Salazar for a few days at one of his camps. Salazar was busy night and day, preparing for the next revolution. He made a number of trips himself into the United States, buying ammunition, and was very successful in getting it across.

El Paso, and the whole border, in fact, was alive with Mexican Federal spies. Sam Dreben went to work for them. I didn't know this, and we were together much of the time, working on opposite sides!

One day I met General Salazar about forty miles below El Paso.

"Im sorry to tell you," said Salazar, "that your friend Dreben is working for the Federals. Tell him if I ever lay hands on him I'll have to shoot him."

Meanwhile Pancho Villa's agents told him I was responsible for Salazar receiving the ammunition that enabled him to stay in the field. Villa posted a reward of ten thousand dollars in gold for me, dead or alive. I had to watch my step. I even slept with a gun. Most of my troubles, strangely enough, were not from Mexicans but from Americans who wanted to get that reward.

AMERICANS came to me with propositions to cross the border to get more buried loot than has been taken in all Mexico's revolutions. Two direct attempts at kidnaping failed when I shot my way out.

Then Pancho Villa came after me himself, to El Paso. Luckily some of my friends tipped me. The best defense is an attack. I started out looking for Pancho. I ran him down in a saloon. There he was with Fierro, who was known as "Pancho's butcher." I guess it's lucky I had a reputation as a pistol shot. And luckier still that I saw them before they saw me. I was ready.

Before Pancho or Fierro could draw I had them covered. One of my friends stepped up and took their guns.

"I don't want to kill you unless I have to," I told Villa. "I'm letting you off this time. But unless you make public announcement that the reward is pulled down, and unless you quit messing around me with kidnapers, I'll make it my business to shoot you both on sight."

Pancho looked at me for a minute—and that minute seemed like a year. I didn't want to have to shoot him. Then he smiled. He always smiled with his face, not with his eyes.

"Sure," he said. "I'm a sport. That's all right. Have a drink, *amigo*."

We lined up alongside the bar,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

all tied for you

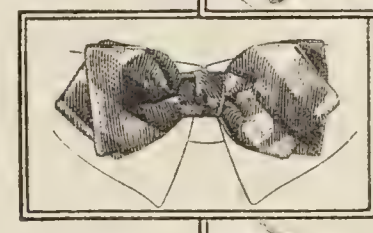
Spur Tie

50¢ and up

The H-shaped Innerform, patented, exclusive in Spur Ties, will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl, or wrinkle.

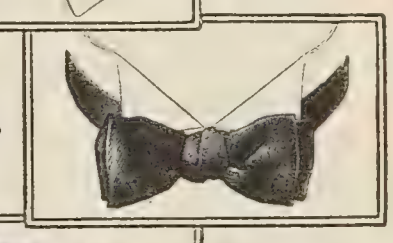
Above, see how smart the Spur Tie looks in the larger, Square-End shape that is the new fall style.

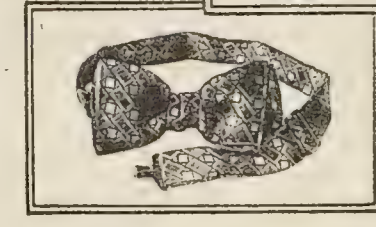
At right, the Butterfly Bow or bat-wing style of Spur Tie.



At left, the French-Pointed End style of Spur Tie.

At right, the Spur Dress Bow, with the all-around silk band, in black or white, one dress tie that holds its shape.





At left, the Spur Band Bow, fits any shape or size of collar. The silk band goes all around. Tie is held in place by elastic insert.

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Write for "Can Do Winthrop," a short story of business, showing new Spur Ties for fall.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Pancho Villa, Fierro and I, and we had that drink. We had several, in fact. And then Villa invited me cordially to ride across the border with him as his guest. I declined.

Many times after that I met Pancho in El Paso. We had many drinks together. Good-naturedly he talked about his experiences in Mexico.

Pancho Villa was a strange man. He was of poor peon parentage, he told me. He was short, heavy set, and would have been fat but for the hard life he led, month after month in the saddle. He always did grow fat when inactive. His face smiled easily, but that smile never included his eyes, which were small and hard. He was brave in battle. In a personal hand-to-hand fight I'm not so sure. Persons whose word I have no reason to doubt told me Pancho Villa never killed a man with an even break—he always waited till he had the advantage. I know that many killings credited to his pistol were done at his order by Fierro.

Two things made Villa supreme in his field. He knew north Mexico to the last goat track, from his days as a bandit. And he knew the peons as they did not even know themselves. And knew that most of their loyalty to him was based upon fear. Time after time he took to the mountains with a handful of men. In a month he would have two thousand men, armed, mounted and equipped. He could maneuver them to appear like five thousand.

SEVERAL months of varied adventure followed, and then Salazar, who at last had joined the government, sent for me to meet him at Ojinaga, on the Rio Grande, just across from Presidio, Texas. I reached Presidio with a procession of newspaper men, and found Salazar.

"Old friend," he said. "It is getting near the end. We're almost out of ammunition, and Pancho Villa and his rebels have us surrounded. All we can do is do as much damage as possible, and then have our men fall back on the American side. I have some plans for you I'll tell you presently."

I went out to look around Ojinaga. There I found the old command of ex-Rurales and cowboys who had served under Dreben and myself in the dash on Torreon. They pulled off a big barbecue in honor of the reunion, and I had my newspaper friends invited to it.

Two days passed with nothing doing. The third day made up for the monotony. I was walking through the camp when some soldiers grabbed me and said their *jefe* (chief) wanted to see me. I was taken before an officer whose name I have completely forgotten, though I remember he was deposed as governor of the State of Chihuahua. Without explanation he ordered me jailed, in spite of my protests that I was there on Salazar's invitation. They threw me into an adobe house with barred windows and heavy doors.

All day I stuck to the windows, trying to get word to Salazar. It was dark before I could talk to a man I knew would take a message for me. He hurried off.

GEN. FREDERICK FUNSTON—a snapshot taken by Richardson at Vera Cruz during the United States' occupation of the port in 1914.

Hardly had he left before heavy firing burst out all around the town. Pancho Villa was attacking. I thought my time had come. I knew if Pancho took Ojinaga and found me in that cell he would enjoy playing with me all the more because it would not cost him ten thousand dollars in gold. I tore at the window bars; wrenched at the door. It was useless.

I gave up hope. Then, as I stood there, wondering if I could grab a gun from whoever entered the cell and get a few of them before they got me, I heard horsemen ride up; call out my name. I shouted back at them. Then I recognized the voices of some of my old command. They battered the lock off the door and let me out.

"Take me to Salazar," I told them. They led me to the trenches, and there we found him.

"I thought you had run away," he said. There was no time for explanation.

"Here," continued Salazar. "Take these." He handed me some letters. "Get these to President Huerta at Mexico City." He fished in his pocket and pulled out a wallet. "This will get you there."

Salazar turned to his men.

"Destroy all the guns you can before we fall back," he ordered.

There was a crash of heavy firing on our flank. The rebels had slipped up, flanked us, and nearly surrounded us. It was a case of take to the river, every man for himself, and the rebels take the hindmost. The firing grew heavier. My horse was shot out from under me in the first fifty yards. But I think I traveled just as fast without him.

Bullets were buzzing around my ears as thick as a swarm of bees when I dodged over the crest of the hill near the banks of the Rio Grande. There, in the shelter of the hill on the river side, was a string of horses. I leaped on one, barebacked, with just a rope for a bridle, pounded my heels in his ribs, and made another run for the river. I made the bank in safety. I dashed straight on across the shallow stream. Half way over, this horse, too, was shot under me and fell in about two and a half feet of water, pinning me under him by one leg. Every time I struggled to get free I pulled my head under and got mouth and nose full of water. The only thing to do was to lie still with my head just far enough above the surface so I could breathe. There were still enough bullets coming my way to make me think the whole Mexican army was firing at me. But none of them hit me, though some actually splashed water in my face.

Then some men on the American side saw my plight, dashed out, pulled me from under the horse, and helped me ashore.

ON the American side everything was a mad scramble. A few American soldiers were trying to get hundreds of frantic Mexicans in some order. Every fleeing Mexican was throwing guns and ammunition into the river. Some few made their way to freedom up and down stream. But some five thousand of them were corralled and taken prisoners to Presidio.

I was hustled along with the rest of them and shown no more courtesy than any of the rest. But when I came to an officer I asked to be taken to the colonel in command. To this officer I had only to show my letters, when I was released at once and facilities placed at my disposal to go to El Paso.

Train from El Paso to New York, ship to Vera Cruz, train again up the line through the mountains, and I was in Mexico City. I gave my letters to General Huerta in person. He read them and thanked me. Then he asked:

"What did you say your name was?"

"Tracy Richardson," I answered.

"*Madre de Dios!*" said the President. "All these months I have wanted to get my hands on you, and now that I have the chance, here you are on my side."

He laughed wryly. We talked over various campaigns, and he flattered me by telling me that I had done more damage to his forces at one time or another, behind a machine gun, than any other one

[CON'D ON NEXT PAGE]

Kadel & Herbert Photo

Cavalrymen of the Mexican Federal forces, resting and counting up their funds after being "paid off."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

man they had fought. I loafed around Mexico City for some time, waiting orders.

Then came the news that American forces had landed in Vera Cruz, driving out the Mexican forces, and taking over the city because Huerta had refused to salute the American flag. We learned afterwards that America had not declared war on Mexico. That was a fine diplomatic point which nobody in Mexico recognized then.

Mexico City went crazy against the gringoes. The tension was terrific. Mobs were parading the streets, tearing up American flags, and howling curses and death threats against all Americans. Japanese, too, were parading the streets and stirring up the anti-American feeling. Americans by scores, with their wives and children, fled to the American embassy for protection. Openly, on the streets of Mexico City, you heard plans to storm the embassy, sack it, and kill every gringo within its walls.

When Nelson O'Shaughnessy, United States charge d'affaires, received his papers, and was permitted, with his staff, to board a train for Vera Cruz, he attempted to take me along on the train. The Mexicans wouldn't permit it. They insisted that I was not registered as one of the embassy staff and could be granted no diplomatic privileges. I must stay in the city.

I knew what they meant. Huerta had seen his chance to get me. I went down to the station with the embassy staff to see them off. The minute the train rolled out an Englishman stepped up to me (I'm not giving his name, because he is still doing business in Mexico) and told me that Federal soldiers were waiting at the embassy to arrest me when I went back for my baggage. He had his automobile there. Not knowing just what to do, we rode round Mexico City all that night and spent next day in a garage.

I had just decided to steal some horses and take a hundred to one chance of making a break overland for Vera Cruz when the Englishman had an idea. Another British business man there, a friend of his, had passports for himself and his wife and permission to take train for Vera Cruz. He wanted his wife to go but didn't want to leave his own interests in Mexico City. He hailed with joy the proposal that I use his name and passports.

The Englishman's wife and I got on the train safely. Once on the train, I took the rear seat so nobody could get behind me, wrapped a blanket around me, pulled my hat over my face, and sat as though asleep, though I never slept a wink the entire journey. I had two pistols and plenty of ammunition. My only hope was to sell my life as dearly as possible if any Mexican spotted me. But luckily none did.

BY noon the next day we reached "The Gap," where the Mexicans had torn up three miles of rails when they evacuated Vera Cruz after the Americans stormed and took the town. I turned the British lady over to those who would take care of her. Then I hiked across The Gap, anxious to get into American territory as soon as possible. I was tanned rather dark, but I flattered myself I didn't look like a Mexican. However, as I approached the American naval officer in command at the American end of The Gap, he looked at me and turned to one of his men.

"This greaser looks fairly intelligent," he said. "Let's see if he can help us out."

He fired some Annapolis Spanish at me. I would have understood Chinese about as well. I looked at him and grinned.

"Say it in English, brother," I said. "It might be easier on your vocal chords."

Then we got together. He was trying to make arrangements with the Mexican outposts for an exchange of mail. We crossed The Gap to the Mexican guard, holding up a big white towel one of the refugees donated for a white flag. We completed the mail exchange, walked back, boarded the shuttle train, and were soon in Vera Cruz.

General Funston had arrived from Galveston with transports and troops and was in command. Marines and sailors were in charge everywhere. I met Captain Burnside, and he enrolled me at once in the intelligence department as a scout. Getting conflicting reports about Mexicans making gun emplacements outside the city, General Funston sent me up the line in a naval seaplane, one of the first airplane scouting trips into the interior.

My pilot afterward was one of the band of American aviators that were the first to cross the Atlantic in their seaplanes. He had a lot of fun with me. We found the artillery emplacements and the trail, plain as daylight, that we had never been able to find in days of scouting on the ground. But when that fight was over, if anybody had told me that three years later I would be flying my own plane in the British navy, a flight lieutenant, scouting over the North Sea, I would have told him he was crazy. And today you couldn't hire me to make a flight in the crazy crate we flew at Vera Cruz in 1914.

We expected orders every day to march on Mexico City. There was vital need for reliable information on roads and fordable points on the rivers in the interior. General Funston assigned me to this work. I spent days and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

nights out in the bush, armed only with knife and pistol, absolutely alone.

Once I ran squarely into a detachment of Mexican cavalry. I saw them first. But before I could duck out of sight they saw me and came for me full gallop. I had to run for it. The fact that they were mounted gave me the advantage. I ducked and dodged through the bush the best I could, and finally crawled into a thick growth of thorn bush. The Mexicans searched all around and kept up the search for hours. I lay there in that thorn bush, hot, thirsty, scared to death, hardly daring to breathe, not daring to move, and having thorns forced into me every time I did move. All that day until well after dark I lay there. Then I crawled out, in rags, and bleeding from deep thorn gashes. By next night I was close to the marine outpost at El Tejar. It was raining in solid tropical sheets, so hard and opaque that you couldn't see ten feet away. Water was so deep everywhere that I was afraid to return to camp by the swamp road by which I had left. I went straight down the railway line, past the Mexican outpost, prepared to shoot and run in the dark.

Luckily for me, the rain had driven the Mexicans to cover. They were quartered in a section house and had taken refuge on the porch. I managed to get past them without alarm. I thought my troubles were over. I approached the marine outposts, whistling so they would not shoot, using my flashlight to give plenty of warning.

SUDDENLY, without a word of warning, a rifle roared just ahead of me. Just as the shot crashed out I had stepped between two cross-ties and stumbled forward. I felt my hat lifted clean from my head. I let out a roar that made the rifle shot sound like a popgun, and that must have roused the Mexican outpost back up the line. The marines ordered me to come in.

As soon as I identified myself I went back for my hat. There was a nice, clean little hole in it where the bullet had passed through. If I hadn't stumbled in the split second before that sentry squeezed his trigger he would have drilled me through the head.

There was a great group of war correspondents at Vera Cruz—Frederick Palmer, Richard Harding Davis, and a lot of others. Things were too quiet to suit Davis. He got through the American outposts, against all our advice, and started up the line to get the Mexican side of the story. The Mexicans into whose hands he fell didn't give a darn about his being Richard Harding Davis. He was just a gringo to them. They made him prisoner, held him for several days under very hard circumstances, and finally released him on orders from Mexico City. He was more than glad to get back behind the American lines, where he was more than glad to remain.

By July it was certain there would be no war with Mexico. I took ship for Galveston and headed for El Paso. And there I found I had been indicted by the grand jury on a charge of helping Mexican prisoners escape from the army prison camp at Fort Bliss. I was innocent and was going to give myself up to be cleared on trial when a friend of mine, an army officer, advised me not to surrender to the authorities, as I would be held there a long time and it would cost me a lot of money to fight the case.

THE World War had started in Europe. As I wanted to get in on it, I followed the officer's advice and did not notify the authorities I was back in El Paso. I went to the French consul in El Paso, to enlist in the Foreign Legion. He arranged to send me to New York, where I was to sail for France. Just before I left a bunch of my friends in El Paso gave me a farewell dinner. They escorted me down to the train. Just as I was stepping on board the train, Tim Turner, an old newspaper friend of mine, shook hands and wished me luck.

"Tracy Richardson, you lucky stiff," he said, "here's hoping you'll have as much luck in France as you had in Mexico and come back safe."

A tall, raw-boned Texan, standing on the station platform, heard him, turned and looked at me.

"Are you the Tracy Richardson who has been fighting in Mexico?" he asked.

"That's me," I grinned.

"Where do you think you're heading for?" he asked.

"For France, to join the Foreign Legion and get into a real war," I said.

"Well, you double-blanked blankety blank," he said to me. "I like your nerve! I'm one of the deputy sheriffs who've been looking for you all along the border here, with orders to arrest you on sight. Beat it, sonny. On your way. You'll do a hell of a lot more good in France right now than you'll do in jail here."

And that was my real farewell from El Paso. I was on my way to France.

In the fifth and concluding installment of this series, to appear in an early issue, Mr. Richardson describes his experiences in the World War, first as a member of that famous Canadian regiment, the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, and later in the American Army.

Pretty easy for me!

Party landslides have swept plenty of feeble candidates into office. Maybe some fairly ordinary salesmen get by because they're selling unbeatable products.

It's just barely possible that I'm in that class myself. Three times now the Mennen chemists have given me preparations that even a deaf mute could sell eloquently.

One shave with Mennen Shaving Cream and any reasonable man is sold for life. The amazing effects of dermutation need no ballyhoo.

One trial of Mennen Talcum for Men demonstrates its utter superiority. It's not only suave and silky, but it's made to match the color of your skin.

And now the third great shaving sensation, breaking every record for sales growth in the men's field. It's called Mennen Skin Balm. Pretty easy for me!

This remarkable new product is a delightful balm. As you rub it into the skin it disappears. First you feel a tingling, antiseptic bite, then a flood of cooling comfort. There's a lingering, luscious odor that peps you up for breakfast.

Mennen Skin Balm not only feels good and smells good, but also benefits your skin and confers a look of good grooming worth money to you.

My only job is to get a 50c tube into your shaving outfit. After that, it'll sell itself. Money back if you want it, but you won't!

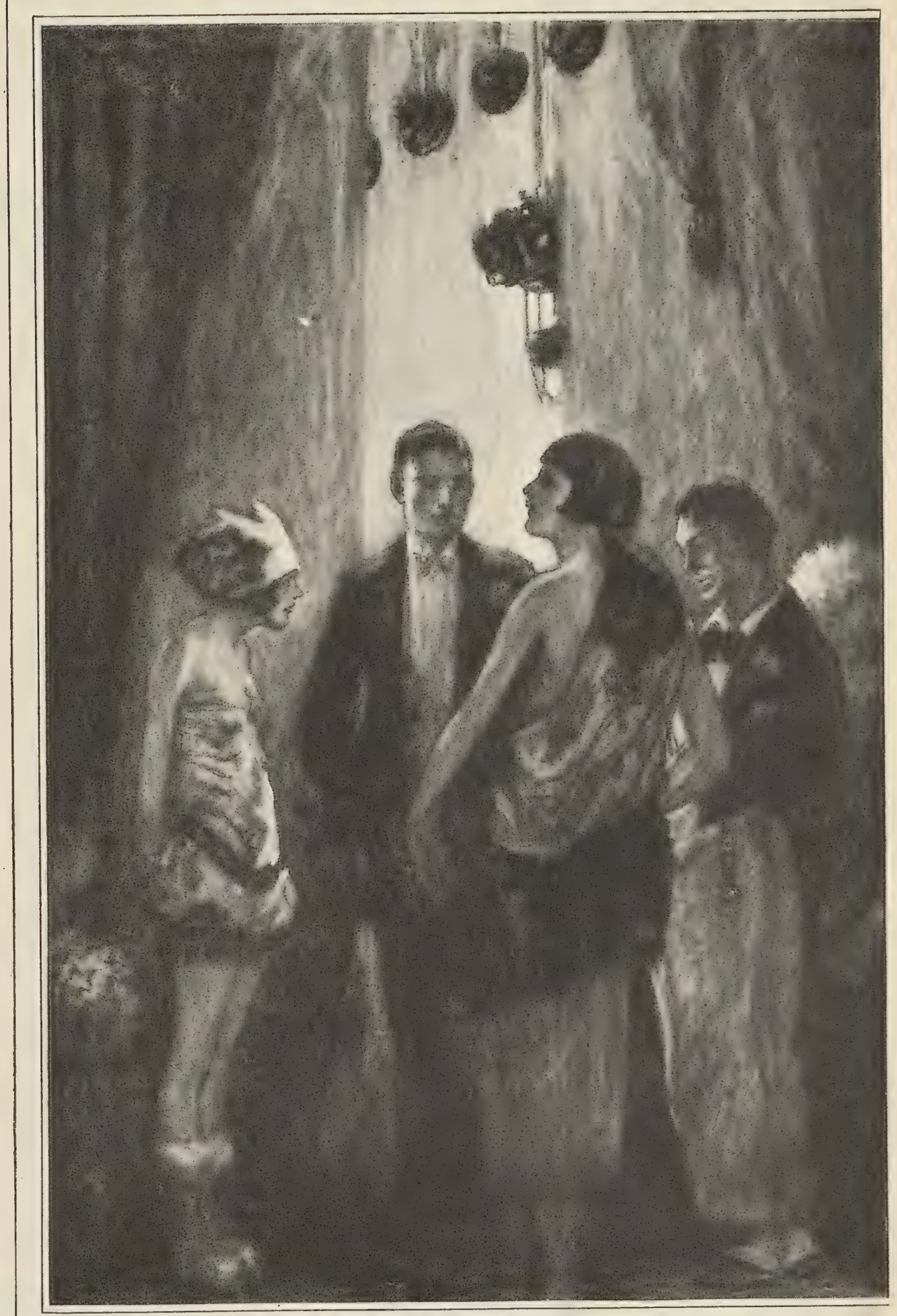
Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

The Tiller Girl

A Short Story of Stageland, in Which Love Comes in at the Door When Riches Fly Out the Window

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Pictures by R. F. James



Rose lifted her big, brown, wonderful eyes to Miss Rutherford's face and

BY a strange coincidence, on the day that this story was being made ready for publication in Liberty, John Tiller died in New York. He was a famous dancing master of Manchester, England, and his pupils—the Tiller Girls—have made his name famous throughout the theatrical world. Hence the title of the story.

"THE old man," said George Barber, manager of the Mumblety-Peg Company, "can teach 'em to step, but he's no picker."

"Maybe he ketches 'em so young he can't tell how they'll turn out," suggested Bennie Hopp, call boy, who wore by courtesy the title of Assistant Stage Manager.

"This lot, now," said George, "I bet when they were six months old you could tell there wouldn't be a leg in the lot nor a face you could peer at without getting optic cramps."

"But they kin dance," said Bennie, a statement which might not be contradicted, for the Old Master of Manchester never sent out from his school a girl who was not efficient in her line of work. "Prob'ly he's so busy watchin' their feet to see they work right thet he never looks higher'n the knees."

"He ought to snap up a good number by accident some day," observed Ed Hines, the company's electrician."

"Well," said George, "there's Rose."

It was a fact, there was Rose, a member of the Tiller group under contract to the company, one of the sixteen ponies who did more than any other feature to carry the show. The group consisted of fifteen highly efficient dancers and Rose Hobbs, and Rose was pretty enough to lift the average of the sixteen above mediocrity.

"These Tillers, now, they don't run to dinner dates, what I mean," said Bennie. "What they got on their mind is marryin' a bird with, now, a steady job, and doin' his cookin' and mendin' for him. I bet th' ain't one of 'em ever dreampt of a pink lined limousine or the like of that."

"Who's young Ready Money 'at was givin' 'em the once over last night?" asked Tom Porath, contortionist, who held the stage in one during the big change for the finale. "He sure jammed both eyes as full as he could get 'em."

"Oh, him! Friend of Ted's." Ted Ward was the star of the so-called musical comedy. "Name of Eel Adams. Used to be the world's greatest football player, and when his father dies and leaves the university ten millions to build a new bunkhouse for the boys there's still enough left over for Eel to build a couple more if the fancy strikes him."

"Who picks him off?" Bennie asked. "We're startin' a twelve weeks' run here in Boston. Let's each back one of our go-getters and make a pool."

"No chance. He's signed a nonbreakable Equity contract with a dame whose folks own the Atlantic Ocean, for a life run, fifty-two weeks a year and half pay for rehearsals.

smiled gravely and not without dignity. "We are just group dancers," she said.

Name of Rutherford. Not married yet, but the forfeit's posted and winner's and loser's cut settled."

"Oh," said Porath. "Old man Rutherford's daughter."

"He claims her, anyhow," said George.

"Well," declared the worldly-wise Bennie, "I never see a feller goin' blind after marryin', nor even after bein' engaged. If I was gold-diggin' I wouldn't even take a curtain call from a man that wasn't married. They git more for their money—makes 'em feel wickeder, and that's what everybody wants, includin' us. If you could make it wicked to go to church there'd be Standin' Room Only signs hung on every steeple."

Conversation dropped as the star came upon the stage accompanied again by the young man who had been the subject of the talking. Ted Ward frowned and motioned to George Barber.

"George," he said savagely, "the kind of talk that goes on among the chorus girls of this company has got to stop. I can't work if every time I make an entrance I pass through a crowd of them saying 'them' for 'those' and 'ain't' and using plural subjects with singular verbs. It upsets me. It hurts my ears. You must do something about it."

George Barber, well accustomed to the vagaries of stars, nodded his head.

"I'll post a notice on the bulletin board," he said.

"I've done most everything for chorus girls before now," he said *sotto voce*, "but this is the first time I was ever cast to chaperon their syntax. . . . Next he'll get it into his head that legs annoy him and we'll have to go fishing in the ocean for show girls and serve up mermaids with tails to the customers."

While Ted Ward got into the grotesque costume and make-up with which he opened the show young Eel Adams sat back in a corner smoking cigarettes in defiance of the rules and carrying on a sketchy conversation with Ward, as that eminent comedian found time to turn from his mirror and grease paints to ask or answer a question. Presently, having been granted the freedom of the stage, Eel wandered out into the adjacent wings, there to be taken under the wing of Bennie Hopp, who ruled that side of the stage. Bennie loved to comport himself as host.

Girls began to file down the iron stairway. A Tiller girl, costumed as a cavalier of the days of the Grand Monarch, stood watching while seven stage hands jostled and impeded each other in the setting of a tree which could have been accomplished more quickly by two.

Bennie addressed her. "Rose," he said, "make you acquainted with Mr. Adams. Miss Hobbs—only pretty Tiller girl in captivity."

EEL ADAMS bowed, and, being somewhat embarrassed, murmured some inanity. Rose accepted the introduction demurely and with no great interest. But each observed the other as young folks are bound to do by immutable law.

"Do you know," Eel said, "I've never met a Tiller before. I'm curious about you. Who are Tillers, anyhow? Why do they call you so? How does one get to be a Tiller girl?"

She smiled, but apparently had no answer.

"I wish," he said, "you would explain it all to me when you can find time."

"I—do you mean after the show?" she asked, apparently seeing in this a new method of approach.

He in his turn was embarrassed. "Why, I didn't mean that exactly. When you are free, you know. Between scenes or something."

"I think you had better talk to our captain. She can tell you all about it."

It was not a rebuff, nor did he take it so.

"It's not as important as that," he said, "and I'd much rather hear it from you."

"We have fourteen changes in this show," she said, "but after the bake shop scene we have a wait."

"Thank you," he said, "I'll be on the spot with open ears."

That was the beginning, innocent enough as the world may see and without portent.

They talked again when Rose was at liberty—these young people who were unable to read the future. She told him how she had been admitted to the dancing school when she was but ten years old; how she had labored there for four years before the law would permit her to go upon the English stage. After that came two years of group dancing in London; then, with the same group, she went to fulfill a two years' contract in the Folies Bergere in Paris. Now she was ending the first year of a three years' engagement in America.

"But," said Eel Adams, "you—why you're just a child, and you've been shipped all over the world. London, Paris, America. Isn't it dreadfully lonesome?"

"Sometimes," she said simply.

"And afterwards," he said in a concern which was more general than personal. "This group dancing—what does it lead to?"

"Nothing," she said.

"You don't hope to—to become a star, a solo dancer, perhaps?"

"I'm not trained for that, you see. This

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

does very well, and I have years of it ahead of me if nothing happens. Some of the girls are as much as thirty."

"And then?"

"Some day I shall go home," she said.

"Leave the stage, marry, and settle down?"

"I hope so," she said. Then she nodded her head, covered with a wig of auburn curls—which Eel did not know were false. "I shall be glad when it is over."

"But won't you miss the excitement of it, the audiences, the applause? Won't life be pretty humdrum after years of this?"

She smiled that grave, self contained smile which had not passed without favorable notice, and shook her head.

"I shall not miss it," she said.

Then she had to go and he did not encounter her again until just before the Tiller girls' feature, during which they occupied the stage by themselves for fifteen minutes, executing intricate evolutions, marvelously timed steps, appearing to the audience rather as some fabulous creature with sixteen pairs of arms and legs than as so many separate and distinct young ladies. She was waiting in the wings for her entrance when Eel stopped and stared.

"I almost didn't know you," he said. "What have you done to your hair?"

What had been a head of auburn curls, typical chorus girl locks, was now a smooth, waveless, softly-lying top of brown, very becoming, rather reticent, not at all flamboyant. It altered the whole character of her and made apparent to Eel the beauty she was. Not an opulent, siren type of beauty, but a modest, everyday, unstagy sort one might encounter on the street, in the drawing-room, anywhere.

"That other," she said, "was a wig." Her eyes twinkled.

Then young Mr. Adams said something he did not know he was going to say, nor could he have told you why he said it.

"I'm glad of that," was his observation.

At this point Miss Rutherford, his fiancee, might well have raised her eyebrows.

II.

NEXT evening Adams saw the performance, but from a box and as escort to Miss Rutherford. Between the acts Ted Ward sent out a note suggesting that Eel's fiancee might enjoy the experience of watching the second act from the wings, and, consequently, for the first and last time in her life that orchid young lady found herself upon the professional stage, hustled by stage hands in overalls, presented by the advertising manager of a soft drink factory, brushing elbows with chorus girls, in a world, interesting as an experience, but not one with whose inhabitants she would care to mingle.

Bennie Hopp was solicitous. He placed his hand under Miss Rutherford's elbow, much to her disgust, and urged her to a position between a bunch light and a canvas tree—whose dusty taint threatened to attach itself to the young lady's creation. She resented what she conceived to be a familiarity, but which was, in reality, a courtesy springing from a gentlemanly little heart. After the first glimpse, Miss Rutherford would have preferred greatly her box.

But Eel was enthusiastic in his misconception that he was offering Miss Rutherford a treat and an experience. He presented Ted Ward—in his grotesque make-up. Thereafter nobody ever could make Miss Rutherford believe the star otherwise than a tramp with a rum-reddened nose. She was not given to peering beneath surfaces. . . . But Eel's high misachievement was in introducing Rose Hobbs.

When the girls came tumbling off after the French doll number, Rose passed through the narrow opening where Eel stood beside his fiancee.

"Priscilla," he said, "here is a little girl from England. She has danced all over the world. Miss Hobbs is said to be the most beautiful Tiller girl on the stage."

"Ah," said Miss Rutherford, peering at Rose as if she were something out of a swamp. "A Tiller girl. And what is a Tiller girl?"

Eel flushed, for he had the misfortune to be the sort who suffers to see another's feelings wounded, but Rose did not appear to suffer a wound. She lifted her big, brown, wonderful eyes to Miss Rutherford's face and smiled gravely and not without dignity.

"We are just group dancers," she said.

Miss Rutherford chose to ignore the girl. Turning to Eel, she said icily, "Cannot we return to the box?"

"Certainly," Eel said, and with some alacrity. "Good night, Miss Hobbs. I'll be looking forward to that big number."

The society columns a few days later carried the news that Miss Rutherford had gone to Nice; such things happen.

With Miss Rutherford on the sea, Eel Adams found himself without an occupation (for it is an occupation to be affianced to a young woman of such prominence as the one he had chosen), and he discovered it a pleasant distraction to return night after night to the ordered confu-

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sion which reigned behind the scenes with the Mumblety-Peg Company.

The consequent friendship between Eel and Rose Hobbs was not one of those sudden, flaring things; it was leisurely, grew by degrees, and took its time about coming to full flower. Nevertheless, before four weeks had passed, there was gossip in the company, some of it spiteful, all of it full of conjecture greatly to Rose's disadvantage. Even George Barber, whose pose was never to be astonished by anything, was patently surprised. He even remonstrated with Rose.

"Look here, kid," he said, "as you are about to say, it's none of my business, but whither are we drifting?"

"I don't understand," she said, and lifted big, questioning brown eyes.

"Um. . . . If you say it I believe you. What I'm hintin' at is a young man whose name I won't mention, but his initials are Adams. What's he goin' to do—star you in your own company?"

"Of course not."

"Well, I guess you know your way around, and then maybe you don't know it as well as you think you do. But young millionaires don't generally run around with chorus girls to induce 'em to join a Sunday school class."

"Mr. Adams has been very good to me," said Rose. He has been kind. I think," she said after a pause, "he's a nice boy."

"Uh-huh. Well, you're a nice girl, so-called. I can't call the turn on you English ponies like I can on the Broadway chickens."

Almost on the heels of this, events happened—a succession of events, interdependent, erected structurally, so that they seemed to form an intelligent plan. These events were built around the lives and characters of Priscilla Rutherford and Eel Adams and Rose Hobbs, and the destinies of each of these individuals hung upon the thing Fate intended it should hang upon: namely, their several behaviors when confronted with the facts.

The first of these happenings was a cable from Miss Rutherford announcing that she had sailed for home.

Eel Adams received it. It was an alarm clock arousing him from a delightful dream. But Eel was something of a sportsman; when thus awakened he did not turn over and try for another and illicit nap. . . . It was a Sunday and he was dining that day with Rose at a pleasant place distant from the city. Before the coming of the cablegram the day's engagement meant little to him—a charming, restful day with a girl whose mind

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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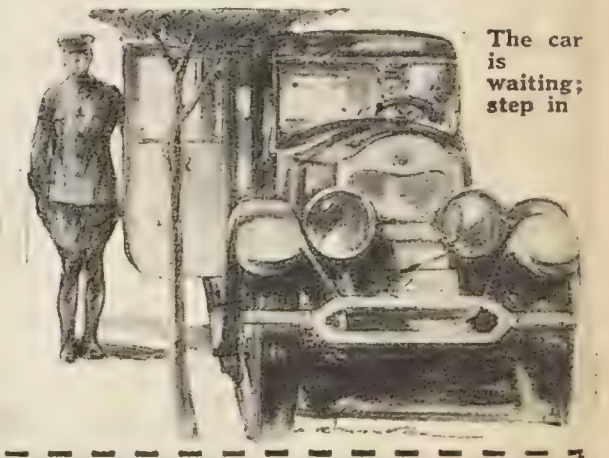

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

and whose reactions to life and its responsibilities he had come to admire. After the message arrived, the engagement assumed proportions. . . . It became the last play-day together.

"Rose," he said—they were seated at a table out of doors in the gracious spring sunshine—"it has been good for me to know you. I have some new ideas of things. Luck hasn't been with me, for until I met you I had no idea there were girls who thought and acted as you do . . . I have known another sort, with another sort of interests."

"I think the great difference," she said, "is that your sort of people are used to having things done for them and are not at all used to doing things for themselves."

"It's more than that," he said. "We are used to having things done for us, and not to doing things for each other. We are getters, not givers."

"Poor people," she said, "have to give. We are necessary to each other. We can't press buttons and have help rush in to us in a butler's livery or a nurse's uniform. . . . And sometimes we're too proud to ask help at all. So we rather have to keep our eyes open to see those things, and when we see somebody who needs us, go without being asked."

"WE," said Eel, "don't marry persons. We marry fortunes or names."

"And we," she said, "who have none of those things to marry for, must fall back upon what we *can* have, don't you see? The poor have no reason to marry but love."

He was silent for moments; then he said suddenly, as one who wishes to have a thing over, "Miss Rutherford is on her way home."

Rose's face did not change, but she lifted her eyes to his face gravely.

"You will not be lonesome any more," she said.

Eel should not have replied to that, but he did. His response was wrung from him, try as he would to withhold it.

"I am afraid," he said, "I shall be very lonesome indeed."

She considered it. "I wish," she murmured, "you had not said that . . ."

His eyes were dark now, and his lips compressed. Emotion shook him, and stark fear of the future held him in its grip.

"I'm not going to disappoint you," he said. "I'm going to play the game. . . . Maybe I haven't been playing the game, but I didn't know it until now. I am to marry Miss Rutherford in a couple of months. I shall marry her, Rose, and do all a man in my position can to be a good husband. Somehow that seems very little."

"If you love each other——"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Love, he knew, had not entered into the matter. Convenience, desirability, suitability, finances had brought about the marriage, but he knew Rose would not wish to hear that.

"And so," he said, "we shall never see each other after this. . . . You will be going away with the company, and I——" He halted, turned away his head and closed his eyes. Once more he turned to her.

"It seems to me," he said, "as if the long row of years ahead would be easier to live if I could have one thing."

HER eyes were steadily upon his face now, apprehensive—not for herself, but for him. Was he about to say the things which would disappoint her, which would turn him from the kindly, always upright gentleman she had known to just the ordinary rich man playing about with a chorus girl? She waited.

"It's rottenly, bitterly unfair," he said. "To get what I want would mean unhappiness to you. Unhappiness I cause. I hope it is not true, but it seems now I cannot bear it if it is not true. . . . Inconsistent, and not honest."

"What is it you want?" she asked in a low, calm voice.

"Just," he said, "to hear you say you love me. To hear it and to believe it. To carry the recollection of it with me and to treasure it. To have forever the consciousness that I have been able, for myself and not for my money, to win the love of a girl like you."

"And——" she said, with rising inflection.

He flushed. "No," he said vehemently. "There is no *and*. . . . Rose, I hope you can't say it. I hope it's not true. . . . But I want it to be true. Can you understand—and not despise me?"

She smiled, still with that lovely calm.

"But it is true," she said. "I love you very much indeed!"

He arose, curiously white.

"Let us go," he said, and then he lifted her hand to his lips. "This is good-by," he said. "I despise myself for making you unhappy—but I am proud—proud. I wish you had never seen me—but I, God knows I'm grateful for having known you."

Her hand touched his cheek softly as a flower bent by gentle breeze.

"It is not of myself I am thinking," she said, "but of you . . . Oh, yes, I would come to you. I would not hold back. But it would not be good for you. It would twist you and distort you and make you into something you are not . . . That is why I do not come . . . It would spoil your life. You would have to hide me, and be ashamed, and live with deceptions and concealments. Do you understand? I want you to understand."

"I understand," he said, "that—love is a wonderful and beautiful and generous thing. . . . And you—you are made up of the qualities of love."

So they drove back, having said their farewells, and he left her at the boarding house where her group of Tillers lived, left her with face calm and tearless—almost happy. His own face was not calm, nor was happiness in his heart.

That was the end. On Saturday night the Mumblety-Peg Company took a special train to Chicago and Rose went with it. She never expected to see Eel Adams again. . . .

"Rose," said Eel, "I'm here." "Was—was it wise to come?" she asked.

III.

EEL was lonely, lonelier than a busy man would have been, but he had so little to do. The fiction was that he was learning to handle the great fortune which his father had left in trust for him, but in reality he was allowed to do little. Mr. Adams died in the belief that no man comes to competent maturity before he is twenty-seven, and Eel was only twenty-five; therefore the trust must continue for two years more before Eel had the handling of more than a generous portion of his income. . . . The International Trust Company was so conducting itself as to make it necessary for Eel to leave the handling of his millions with their concern, for it was a profitable business.

Then—it was the day before Priscilla Rutherford landed from her winter in Nice—the papers of the city printed news which spelled catastrophe for thousands of people, rich and poor. The International Trust Company was insolvent, had failed for some enormous sum, running into the hundreds of millions, and the financial life of a great section of the country staggered under the blow. A list of those who had lost, whose fortunes had been swept away by maladministration of trust, was printed, and chief among these was Eel Adams.

THE young man was dazed, indeed could only sketchily comprehend what had happened to him—and what more natural than that he should hasten to the girl who was soon to be his wife; hasten to her for comfort and for encouragement. It was fortunate that she was coming, would be there in the morning. Eel did not meet her train, for the hour of the vessel's docking at New York had been indefinite and she had not wired, but in mid-afternoon he stepped from his car and mounted her father's steps. He was shown into the great, gloomy library, where he waited for some ten minutes. Then a servant came in softly.

"Miss Rutherford regrets that she is too ill to receive Mr. Adams," said the man, "but sends this parcel with her compliments."

"Too ill to see me! Is it serious? I have been told of no illness."

"I can't say, sir," said the servant.

"But Mrs. Rutherford?"

"Mrs. Rutherford begs to be excused."

Even then Eel failed to understand, and after standing awkwardly—which was unlike him—he moved slowly to the door and left the house, the parcel in his hand. . . . As his chauffeur drove him away he opened it. Its contents were several small leather boxes and a letter. The boxes he recognized, for he had purchased them. They contained a certain ring and certain other jeweled gifts. The letter was brief. . . . He was a young man destined to receive brief but clear letters.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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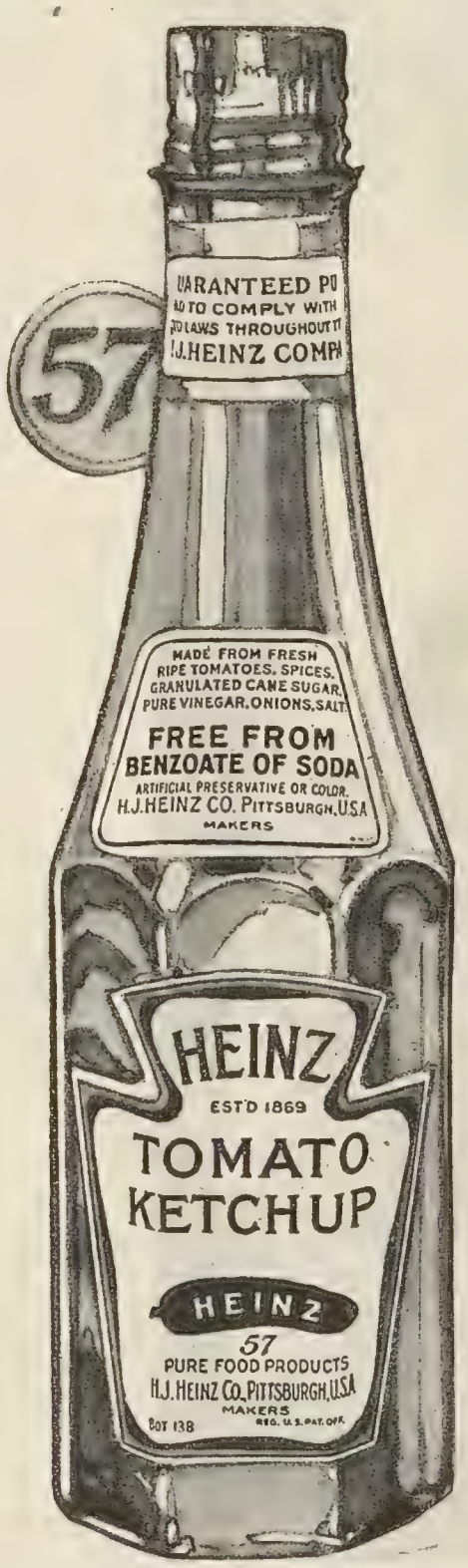

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WHEN IN PITTSBURGH VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

"Dear Eel," it said, "I have decided not to see you for both our sakes. It is apparent we have both made a mistake. There is nothing more to say, is there?" And then she signed her name.

It was Bennie Hopp who gave the news to Rose.

"I see your boy friend in the old Boston town has come a cropper," he said.

"Who? Not Mr. Adams! What has happened to him?"

"Polite second-story workers got away with all his jack," said Bennie. "It's in the papers."

"Let me see," said Rose in that calm, self-restrained way of hers, and when Bennie handed her the paper she read slowly, considering as she read. Then she sat with eyes cast down for a matter of moments. "Oh, dear. . . . Oh, dear. . . . I—I don't know what to do," she said.

"What kin you do?" Bennie asked ironically. "Buy him a new hat? Huh! . . . He's got a hat."

"I wonder if it would be right to write to him—just a short letter. I wonder if *she* would mind. . . . Just to—to say how sorry I am." She was not speaking to Bennie, but he answered.

"Take your pen in hand, girlie," he said. "Take your pen in hand if it'll give you a kick. . . . And"—his wrinkled little face became sincere and almost pleasant—"you might give him the office that I ain't tickled to death at his luck. He was a decent kid."

So Rose wrote, the second succinct note Eel was to receive.

"DEAR Mr. Adams," she commenced formally, "I am more sorry than I can say. I——"—here she scratched out a few words in fear they might be misconstrued by the young woman who, doubtless, would read the letter. It went on, "I have saved a lot and it is in the bank in New York. It is more than two thousand dollars. Here is a check, and I hope you can use it to start getting rich again." The closing was a difficult matter for her, but she managed it. "Yours sincerely," was the phrase she chose. . . .

There are people like that in the world, but on the stage there are probably more of them to the square mile than anywhere else on earth. Even on the stage, however, there are not so many who measure up to Rose.

It was twenty-four hours before the letter reached Eel Adams. He read it, read it a second time, and then, as one bemused, stared at the little oblong paper which was the check. Then he got up from the despondent position in his chair, put on his coat and hat, and went out. It is to be noted he waited for no baggage. He hastened to the depot.

"When," he asked, "is the first train to Chicago?"

"Midnight," said the ticket seller.

"And it's only noon! I can't wait. Get Dickson on the phone. Tell him I've got to have an engine and special car for Chicago in ten minutes."

The special was not there in ten minutes, but it was in less than an hour, and train dispatchers were ordered to see that it lost no time waiting for freights. . . . A taxicab violated ordinances carrying Eel to the theater, at which he arrived before the evening performance was ended. George Barber was in the lobby and Eel caught his arm.

"Take me back stage, quick!" he said, and began dragging the manager after him.

"WHOA-*back!*" said Barber in his sardonic way. "Where's the fire?" But for all that, knowing the human animal as he did, he read necessity in Eel's eyes and piloted him through the darkened auditorium, behind the boxes, and into the darkness of the wings. Only the scene was lighted, a shadow box effect—the intricate number of the Tiller girls was on.

Eel stumbled to the other side; George, anxious lest he sprawl upon the stage and ruin the scene, at his elbow. Presently in a din of applause the sixteen girls in their cavalier costumes scampered off. It is to be feared Eel was not as gentle as was his custom—off the football field. He made straight for Rose through and over obstacles. George Barber grasped Bennie Hopp's shoulder to stop that young man from interfering with something he did not understand.

"Rose," said Eel, "I'm here."

She lifted her grave eyes to his face, but one might have seen how stiffly she held her arms at her sides. They wanted to be about their legitimate business.

"Was—was it wise to come?" she asked.

He brushed aside the question. "Rose, your letter came—and the money. The money! . . . I used it, Rose."

"I'm so glad. It was yours to use."

"I used it," he said, "to pay for a special train to bring me here."

He watched her face, her smile, her darkening eyes.

"It saved twelve hours," he said. "I couldn't wait." He paused. "And I couldn't marry an heiress, could I? Being a pauper myself. . . . We start on even terms."

"But," she said, lips trembling a very little, "can we start at all?"

"Everything is right. The world is right. I am right, and you are very, very right. . . . I can come to you still playing the game. But there's nothing but myself—just me and empty pockets."

"Oh, my dear," she said, and then again, "My dear! . . . I'm so glad I saved up for that special train . . ."

THE END

Melodies *and* Memories

Melba as Nedda in Pagliacci.

© Alfred Ellis

The Dowager Empress Maria of Russia, before whom Melba sang in 1891—from a photograph taken in 1914.

The Most Interesting Autobiography of the Year: The Story of a Golden Voice and a Glorious Past

By MELBA

IN earlier installments Melba, after telling of her girlhood and unhappy marriage in Australia, related how London teachers would not train her; how Madame Marchesi of Paris taught her for a year; how she made her debut in 1887 in Brussels and then won success in Paris and London; and how she won friends in the brilliant social and artistic life of the time.

IN FIFTEEN PARTS—PART FIVE

IN February, 1891, I was invited, in company with Jean and Edouard de Reszke, to visit St. Petersburg to sing before Czar Alexander III. I felt that this rare privilege was in the nature of a command, and I approached the directors of the Paris Opera in order to obtain a temporary release.

It was not the habit of those directors to give such "leaves," but I was given six weeks' leave in the middle of the season.

The Czar had expressed a particular desire to hear Romeo and Juliet, and here, at the outset, was a difficulty. By immemorial tradition no language but Russian could be sung in the Imperial Theater. What Romeo would sound like in Russian, even if any poet could be found sufficiently heroic to write it, I do not know. I know only that neither Jean nor Edouard de Reszke nor I could attempt to sing it in anything but French. And so, after a good deal of negotiation, it was decided that for the first time in the history of the Czar's theater, we were to be allowed to sing in French.

On the next morning when I woke up in St. Petersburg, a message was waiting for me on my table summoning me to a dinner given by the Grand Duke Alexis, the Czar's eldest brother. Dinner was at eight, at the Grand Duke Alexis' palace. He greeted us with charming courtesy, speaking, to my relief, perfect English. We were conducted to a magnificent room, and were more or less formally presented to those charming Russians, of whom, alas! so few can now be surviving.

Now, I did not know anything about Russian

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

habits. And when we all moved to an immense table, on which reposed a dazzling array of dishes, although I thought it strange that we should be expected to dine standing up, I took it as part of the local color, and started to make a very hearty meal. The appetite of those around me, however, seemed curiously small. Then the explanation was made clear to me, for the great doors were swung open, another hall was revealed, glittering with gold plate, and dinner was announced. I had been endeavoring to make a meal off *hors d'œuvres!*

What a greedy little monster I must have seemed, I thought, as we went in. However, after the dinner had been progressing for what seemed an interminable time, I no longer felt greedy. My own appetite was quite put to shame by that of the Russians.

HOW gorgeous everything was! When a Russian entertains, he puts his whole heart and soul into his hospitality. Nor does his generosity stop with a mere dinner. There is always some little favor left at one's house the next morning and sometimes these favors take the shape of the most wonderful gifts.

I know that after that party at the Grand Duke Alexis', at which I had merely sung a few songs with Jean and Edouard, there arrived the most exquisite bracelet of diamonds and sapphires—"as a little souvenir."

It was a strange contrast to go one day to a small room in the Conservatoire in the suburbs of St. Petersburg to sing to a little old man who was too ill to venture outside. The little old man was Rubinstein, and I had gone to him in response to a letter, saying:

DEAR MADAME MELBA:

I am old and ill, and dare not venture out into the chill winds. But I feel, though it seems presumption as I write, that I cannot let you leave St. Petersburg without asking if you would pay a great honor to an old man. Can you come for a few minutes to sing me just one song?

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

I went to him, and I sang him a good deal more than one song. He accompanied me in songs which he had never seen before without a moment's hesitation, and when, after I had sung to him, he sat down and started to play an elaborate concerto of Liszt's, I marveled at the spirit which could so dominate a worn-out body that it gave it the force and the strength of a young man.

After seasons at Paris and London and Sicily, where, during the spring of 1892, I appeared in Traviata at the opera house at Palermo, I went back to Paris, en route, as I thought, for America. But the Metropolitan Opera House had been destroyed by fire. Mr. Abbey and Mr. Grau told me that as there had been no clause in my contract concerning delay, I should be legally justified in demanding the whole of my salary. I told them that as I hadn't sung, I didn't expect to be paid. They looked relieved.

And then I suddenly realized that I was in a quandary. I had two hundred pounds in the bank, no prospect of an immediate engagement, nothing. So I said to myself:

"I'll gammon. Nobody shall know I'm hard up. I shall go to Nice."

I went to Nice. I went with two maids instead of one, and took the best possible rooms in the best possible hotel. What would have happened but for a stroke of luck, I do not know. Probably I should have languished in a debtors' prison. But it happened that Mr. Grau, who was one of the directors of the Nice Opera House, was in Nice. He said to me, "Would you like to sing here?"

With assumed indifference I replied that I should not mind, but that I imagined all artists would already have been engaged.

"Oh, I'm sure they'll be delighted," he said, "and I can get you four thousand francs a night." I waved him away. "I wouldn't dream of singing for less than five thousand," I said.

Well, I was given my five thousand. And I often think that it was five thousand francs worth of bluff.

NOW I come to a time of terror; a time when for days I went about in fear of my life.

The place was Milan; the date, the early spring of 1893. I had arrived at Milan trembling with excitement at the thought of singing in the great opera house of La Scala, which was (as I well knew) one of the most critical audiences in the world. But very soon I was trembling with another sort of excitement, for immediately I entered my hotel I was handed a batch of letters which proved to be from anonymous enemies, threatening me with disaster unless I left Milan immediately.

I went up to my room and called my secretary, my beloved Louie Mason, whose like I have never since found in the whole world. I said to her, "Look at these!" And, picking out a few at random, I pressed them into her hands. She read them carefully, and tossed them impetuously on the table.

"Of course, they are horrible," she said, "but take no notice."

I nodded. "We will wait and see," I said.

The next day there were more anonymous letters. I was told in one that poison would be put in my food unless I gave up the idea of singing at La Scala; in another

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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By Harry Leon Wilson

Author of "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Merton of the Movies," etc.

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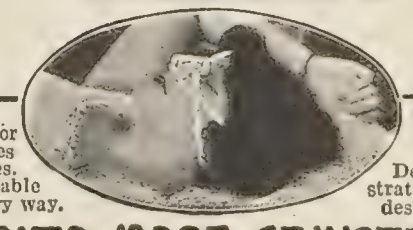

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

I was warned that if I attempted to enter the lift, it would break and I should crash to pieces. In another I was told that were I to go out at night there would be a stiletto waiting for me in more than one dark corner of the streets.

Giacomo Puccini, composer of Tosca, La Boheme, and Madame Butterfly.

Giuseppe Verdi, one of Italy's greatest opera composers.

Guigoni & Bossi Photo

Ruggiero Leoncavallo, whose Pagliacci is a universal favorite.

Anton Rubinstein, whom Melba visited in 1891.

The day before the performance, after still more threats of an even deadlier nature, I called my secretary, and said to her:

"I cannot stand it any longer. I think I had better go. Even if I were to come through alive, the ordeal would be so terrible that I should not give my best."

She stood in front of me and put her hands in mine.

"You can't go, Madame," she said. "It would not be you. You have got to stay and face the music."

"I don't mind the music," I said. "It is these terrible letters."

She argued, she entreated. And so helpful was she, so utterly unflinching in her determination that I should go through with the ordeal, that I took her advice and stayed.

You will remember that in the opera of Lucia some twenty minutes of action takes place before the first notes echo behind the scenes telling of *Lucia's* arrival on the stage. How well I remember standing behind the wings listening to the harp playing *Lucia's* solo, my heart throbbing, my hand clutching Louie Mason's and wondering if, when I had sung these notes, they should prove to be my last!

And then I walked onto the stage. How I ever sang my initial *récitatif* I do not know to this day. It was a terrible ordeal. But it was also a very brief one. For before I had finished, an immense *"Brava! Brava!"* echoed all over the theater. The rest of the performance, though I say it myself, was a crescendo of triumph, and I am told that after the Mad Scene the applause went on for ten minutes.

And when, finally, the curtain fell, and I stepped back, worn out, to my dressing room, I thanked God and Louie Mason that I had stayed to face the music.

The Scala was a remarkable institution in those days. One could see some of the most wonderful performances of opera in the world, and yet, at the same time, one was constantly shocked by customs which seemed utterly out of keeping with the general artistic tradition.

Never shall I forget a night not long after this when one of these customs was suddenly made known to me without any warning. I was again singing Lucia and was in the middle of one of the most impassioned love duets with *Edgardo,* when all at once the music ceased, *Edgardo* turned swiftly away, and with hardly a second's pause the orchestra blared out the national anthem in another key. For a moment I remained with outstretched hands, wondering if I had gone quite mad. And then it dawned on me that the Queen had just made her entry into the royal box, and that this was the Italian method of doing homage to her.

How utterly inartistic! However, I hear that that great musician Toscanini has put an end to this custom. And I should like to offer him my sincere congratulations on doing so.

But even this custom was not quite so distasteful to me as another which Toscanini has also stopped. When I first saw an example of it, I was sitting in a box with Puccini at a performance of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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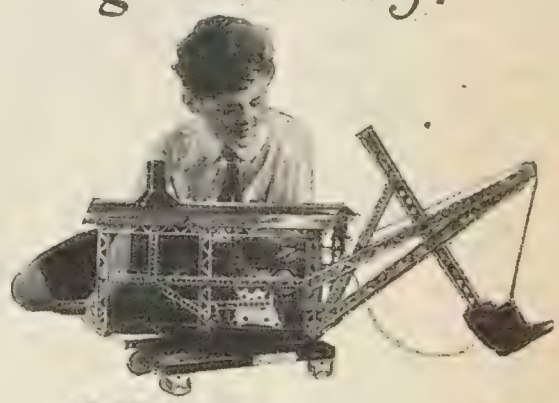

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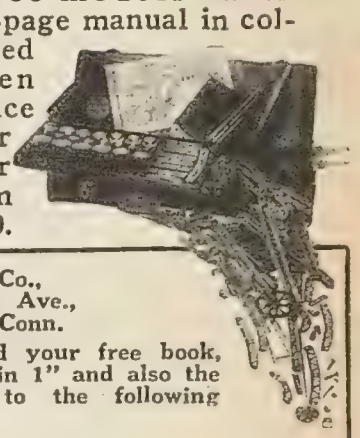

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Tosca, which, as it is hardly necessary to state, Puccini always considered one of the finest of his operas. To my horror, after the prayer, the prima donna stepped forward, with her hands to her heart, her face wreathed in smiles, and after repeated bows sang the whole aria over again.

For me the whole act seemed spoiled, and I turned to Puccini indignantly.

"Why do you allow that?"—I asked him. "It's unforgivable."

Puccini shrugged his shoulders. "If there are no '*bis's*' in Italian opera," he said, with an air of resignation, "there is also no success."

I could not understand, and I said to him:

"Why don't you take a lesson from the Germans? They don't expect applause even at the end of an act. They never lose their parts. And that is why their opera is the greatest in the world."

HOW full Italy was then of great musicians! It was during those golden days in Milan that I first had the honor of meeting Verdi. He was then in the wonderful "Indian summer" of his genius—the period which gave us Otello and which was finally to fade into the darkness with the strange swan song of Falstaff.

I had no idea that I should ever know Verdi, until one night, after I had been singing Rigoletto, I learned that the *maestro* had been in the house, and that he was now outside my dressing room, waiting to see me.

I bounded to the door and said: "*Maestro!* What an honor! And they didn't tell me that you were here!"

He bowed, slowly, almost sternly. It was like a tree trying to bend. That was the impression he gave one, of some gnarled, wonderful old tree. There was an impenetrable reserve about him, too, which made one's conversation with him slightly stilted. And yet he had bright eyes, like a boy's, and eager, restless hands.

Greatly daring, I ventured a suggestion.

"*Maestro*, I have a favor to ask of you." (I felt rather as though I were appealing to a judge.)

"Yes?" said Verdi.

"I want to sing to you your opera Otello."

Then very slowly he smiled.

"That, Madame, is not a favor," he said. And straightaway we arranged that on the following day I should go round to his house and sing to him.

I shall always remember that lesson—the long, cool room with the sun streaming through the windows, and Verdi sitting down at the piano and playing and playing until we had finished the whole opera. He was an inspiring master. He made one feel his phrases as he himself felt them, and he gave to each phrase an added loveliness.

When at last we had finished and I had sung the few halting high notes which mark the passing of poor *Desdemona*, he leaned back, looked up at me with one of his rare smiles, and said:

"Tell me—with whom have you studied this role?"

"With Tosti," I told him.

"Ah!" He nodded. "Dear Tosti! I wondered. He is the only man who would have taught you to sing my opera like that."

III.

I MUST go quickly over the next short period, the spring of 1893, mentioning *en passant* that I reappeared at Covent Garden in Lohengrin on May 15, and that four days after that I redeemed my promise to Leoncavallo by creating the role of *Nedda* in Pagliacci.

I want to pass on to the autumn, which was set aside for a first tour of Sweden and Denmark. Sweden's king (Oscar), during the whole of my tour, was in Norway. Just as I had finished my engagements, and was on the point of sailing for America, a message arrived saying that his majesty requested me, if possible, to remain a little longer in Stockholm in order that he might hear me.

With considerable difficulty I managed to arrange that I should open in America a fortnight later than I had anticipated, and I informed the King that I should be honored to sing before him. I smiled when I read the program that he had proposed, embracing as it did the balcony scene from Romeo, the second act of Lohengrin, the third act of Lucia, the fourth act of Faust.

However, in those days four of the most strenuous acts of four different operas deterred me not at all, and I felt inclined to congratulate the King on his good taste.

I was still more inclined to be grateful to him when I saw him at the opera, for twice during the performance he rose of his own accord and swept me a low bow from the royal box.

During the performance, a message was brought round by an aid-de-camp to say that the King wished to see me at the palace the next day. The audience was fixed for eleven o'clock. King Oscar, with a single groom-in-waiting by his side, greeted me in Italian, and for some time we talked in this language, until suddenly, finding I could not express myself freely, I said, "But you know, sir, I'm an Australian."

The King said, "Are you really? That's splendid. Then we'll talk Australian. But before we say anything else, I want to confer this decoration on you."

It was the decoration "Litteris et Artibus," and I expressed my appreciation and honor with such sincerity that I made him laugh.

"But won't you pin it on for me, sir?"

"Of course I will. Lend me a pin," said the King.

"I'm afraid I only have a hat pin," I replied.

"Fancy a woman without a pin! Here," said the King to his groom, "go and get one from the next room."

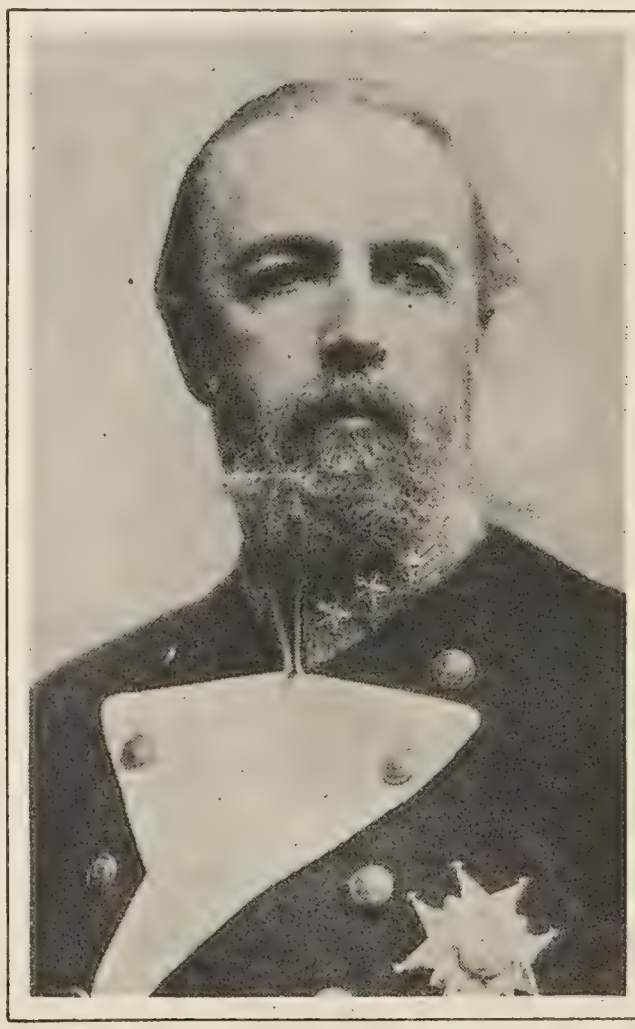
The King pinned the decoration on my breast where it has often reposed since.

"But one ought never to give people pins. It's supposed to bring ill feeling. I shall have to take your decoration off again," the King said.

"Oh, sir, please don't do that," I said.

"Very well, then. I know a way of making that all right," the King explained.

And he kissed me on both cheeks, swearing that, by doing so, he was taking away any evil spell. After that he took me to see his son—the present king—and came down to put me into my carriage.



Gosta Florman Photo

One of Melba's royal friends—Oscar II., who, while King of Sweden and Norway, liked to sing duets with her.

Bergamasco Photo

Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, host at a dinner where Melba betrayed an amusing misunderstanding of Russian customs.

IT was three years before I was again to have the honor of seeing the King of Norway and Sweden, and this time it was in the most unorthodox way. I was sitting one afternoon in my flat in Paris when my butler rushed in, very agitated, crying, "Madame—Madame—there is a lunatic at the front door."

I prepared to fly, when he added, "An enormous man, of a height incredible. He demands to see you, and he pretends he is the King of Sweden!"

I gasped with relief and anxiety, for while I was glad to escape from the mythical lunatic, I was not at all sure how the King would like the reception which my butler appeared to have given him. However, when he entered, his face was wreathed in smiles, and he greeted me with all his old cordiality.

"I've come to have tea with you," he said. "I'm absolutely dying for a cup of tea."

After tea, he sprang to his feet, saying, "Now let's sing."

And he went to the piano and dragged out half a dozen operas.

"You will be Melba," he said, "and I shall be Jean de Reszke."

We sang duet after duet, and I was delighted to find that he had a fresh, sweet tenor voice. And so enjoyable were our duets that it was nearly seven o'clock before he bade me good-by.

In next week's installment Madame Melba will tell of her reception by the American public when she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, and of her introduction into American society.

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In the mirror I saw his hand move toward his pocket, which thereupon developed a bulgy point in my direction. "The car is yours," I said hastily.

SMITHY

The Story of a Mystery That Dropped from the Sky —and Turned Into a Romance

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Pictures by McCULLOUGH PARTEE

THE crash in the underbrush above me brought me to my feet. A dislodged rock rolled into the pool from which I had been drinking. Then silence, broken only by the trickle of the waterfall. It was puzzling. There are no wild animals larger than a woodchuck on my peaceful farm, yet I had the strong impression of being watched tensely, warily.

Then I heard him panting, and the next moment he was coming down the precipitous ravine slope at breakneck speed, until, reaching the stream bed, he threw himself at full length and, plunging his face in the pool, drew in the water in great gulps.

"You'll harm yourself," I warned him when he emerged to gasp for breath, for he was reeking with the heat of past exertion. His shirt was plastered to his spare, trained, muscular body.

I suspected that he was a fugitive and, but for his peculiar costume of khaki shirt, leather breeches, and high laced boots, could have guessed the circumstances of his flight, for there was a convict gang at work on the road at the top of the hill whence I had just come. But "trusties" are not thus appareled, nor, upon further observation, did this man have the fugitive's panic furtiveness. Not until he had ravenously drunk again did he recognize my existence.

"Whatcha gappin' at?"

There was something so formidable in the accost that involuntarily I stepped back. Some unknown provocation had strung the man to a pitch of nervous tension which might explode murderously. So much his hot eyes and the strained lines about his lips testified.

"Be on your way," he advised earnestly.

I informed him that I was on my own property and that he was the trespasser. His expression became not less hard but more interested.

"Got a house? Where is it?"

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"Suppose," I suggested, "that you explain yourself first. How did you get here?"

He stared. "Where would you expect a guy to land? On the moon?"

The word "land" gave me the obvious clew to his apparel. "You came in an airplane?"

"Sure. Whatdja think? Had trouble and dropped in the field beyond them woods. Where's your house?"

"Up the hill, a quarter of a mile."

"Got a phone a guy can get Burnham on?"

"You can if the line isn't busy. It usually is."

Before I had finished, he was already speeding up the slope. When, toiling in the wake of his haste, I reached the farm, he was seated on the porch, rigid and taut, his gaze unseeingly directed toward the labors of the road gang.

"Did you get your number?"

"Yeh. Waitin' to be called back. What's the charge?"

"Nothing."

"Have a cigar?" This was no mollifying concession to human fellowship. He merely preferred to pay his way. A haughty spirit.

I emulated his brusqueness. "No."

He turned his back on me. A moment later he growled out, "You needn't get sore."

This I ignored. He continued: "How far to Burnham?"

"Twelve miles."

HE looked at his wrist watch, sighed, shook his head. The tractor came lumbering back and stopped. The dust-smeared workers leaned on their implements, staring wistfully down upon the smallest and bluest of the Finger Lakes, half a mile below.

"What's the bunch?"

"A road gang from Burnham State Prison."

"Cons, huh?" Interest dawned in his pale, strained eyes. "Would a guy get called for passin' a word with 'em?"

"I don't think so. I'll speak to the keeper."

The stranger approached the nearest convict, a massive, gentle, foreign-born lifer, in for murder. "Howdy, Bill. How's things?"

The trusty smiled his patient smile. "Purty good."

"Purty good, huh?" My acquaintance held out a plug of tobacco. The prisoner turned a silent inquiry upon the keeper, who nodded. He took the plug and bit off a piece.

"Thanks."

"How's the old stir?"

"Purty good."

"Yeh? Not so bad, huh?"

"No. Purty good."

"Treat you all right?"

"Yes. All right."

"All right, huh? Feed yuh plenty?"

"Yes. Plenty to eat."

"Yeh? Pretty good, huh?"

Throughout this childish iteration, I felt a sense of somber, excited interest on the part of the questioner. He seemed to be trying to think of more questions, just for the sake of talking. A singular loquacity, to have developed in that terse person. The starting of the tractor put an end to the colloquy.

"Good luck!" he yelled, above the clamor, and turned, with a sudden thought, to the keeper: "Where's the repair shop for that wagon?"

"In Burnham."

He walked away, sunk again in his nervous gloom. Said I: "I've got a fairly complete repair shop down at the lake."

Instantly I was in the grasp of a whirlwind. Whether he borrowed or stole the keeper's roadside flivver, I am not quite certain: the owner considers that he stole it. In any case, he taught it aviation; we touched ground several times on the headlong flight down the hill, it is true, but never for more than a moment. Then he was rummaging with expert speed through my carefully methodized shelves, and presently he was hurtling up the hills with pockets that bulged metallically.

Once again I toiled after him. This time the chase led me to the upper field, where the disabled giant of the air had alighted. All that was visible of my trespasser was a pair of projecting boots in a state of agitation. Rashly venturing a question as to progress, I was answered with a surprisingly savage imprecation, indicative of a profound distaste for my society at that time and place.

Yet, when he emerged, his expression, though still severe, had quite lost its former malevolence of suppressed fury against the world. He glanced at his watch as if he had forgone the wish to murder it. Casting down the hill, he examined the lay of the land. When he returned and addressed me, his tone seemed almost benevolent, in contrast with his former manner, though, indeed, it was no more than strictly neutral.

"She'll do. I'll send the kale for what I used."

I nodded. "Call again," I said flippantly.

Apparently he had missed the flippancy, for he seemed struck with this: "Yeh? Is that on the level?"

"If you want to take it so." Curiosity rather than hospitality inspired the permission.

"It might be handy," he admitted. "It's a swell take-off, I gotta grant you. I might, at that," he allowed with austere condescension. He climbed aboard. "Give her a twist, will yuh?"

The giant spat, thundered, moved forward,

THE stranger approached the nearest convict, a massive, gentle, foreign-born lifer, in for murder. "Howdy, Bill. How's things?" My acquaintance held out a plug of tobacco. "How's the old stir?"

rose into the air and, with a long sweep, turned northward, toward Burnham. It was then just 5:52.

On other afternoons I saw it, flying high, always going northward, always about five o'clock. What could its errand be? Something to do with the bootlegging industry, I suspected. One always suspects bootlegging nowadays of any unaccountable phase of human activity.

One day, a fortnight after my encounter, the aerial creature's buzzing sounded low and near at the unusually early hour of 4:30, then ceased as it circled toward my upper field to land. My acquaintance came briskly down the hill. He produced three dollars and sixty cents.

"That squares us," he said. "Right?"

"Yes. Have a smoke?"

"Yeh. Thanks."

He sat upon the shore and began to pitch pebbles into the lake, tirelessly. After a half-hour of restful silence, he rose. "Well, so long."

"Come again, Mr.——" I gave the pause an interrogative accent.

"They call me Smithy. Can the mister."

IN time, he who had been for so long a daily passer-over became a weekly, then a biweekly caller. Never did he drop a hint as to his pursuits or purposes. He had a gift of reticence.

If I were occupied with any manual labor about the place, he would silently join in. Occasionally he would tinker a deranged car, always with quick results, for he was a mechanical genius. When not otherwise occupied, he preferred to sit by the lake and toss pebbles. Once, abruptly, he said to me: "Whadda yuh think I'm doing here?"

I summed up my total impressions, derived from close and interested study, in an experimental word: "Waiting."

To my surprise and discomfiture, he snarled out, "Smart, ain't yuh?" and abruptly left.

Whatever mysterious offense he may have taken, he evidently thought better of, for he returned two days later in unusually expansive spirits.

"Ever been up?" he asked.

"No."

"Like to?"

"Yes."

"Come on."

We flew the length of the lake, passed high above the elm-embowered city of Burnham, took a dash along the course of the outlet, then turned back toward the city, dropping down this time to a lower level. We passed the theological seminary grounds, so near that we could descry some of the men playing tennis. The man they called Smithy shut off the engine and peered down.

"That's where they make ministers, ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess that's all right, too," he granted.

A MOMENT later we were skimming above the fortress of the State prison, gazing down into the teeming spaces of the playgrounds. A sound, faint and hearty, of women's voices, singing some gospel hymn, floated up to us.

The man they called Smithy said in my ear, "Ever been in there?"

"Yes."

"For long?"

"Just a few hours."

"Yeh? Well, I guess there's better folks than you been in there for longer'n that," he observed uncompromisingly.

On the way home, we passed the upper Ridge Road, to which the convict gang had been transferred. Above them we circled and twisted and evoluted for quite a time before passing on to land.

"Give 'em a little treat," my pilot explained as I got out. "I guess them cons has a pretty punk time."

"Not so bad in the summer."

"Yeh? Well, I dunno. Never tried it." Again he plunged into one of his ever-surprising speculations. "If yuh threw all them young preachers and all the cons into one big camp together, and let 'em go to it, which'd win out, d'yuh think?"

"I'm not sure that I get you."

His look convicted me of exasperating stupidity, but he remained patient. "Would the parsons turn cons, or the cons turn parsons?"

"Too much for me."

"Makes a guy think, don't it?"

Thinking apparently made a guy sleepy, for the man they called Smithy yawned prodigiously.

"Worked all last night," he volunteered, his one deliberately revelatory utterance up to that time. "Up at noon today. Some life! It beats the circus, though."

"Were you ever in a circus?"

"Side show. Juggler and sword swallower. Then vode-vil."

This small ray of light intensified rather than relieved the mystery. An ex-sword swallower on a night job who spent his leisure time flying northward on set schedule was, indeed, a weird composition to descend upon a peaceful farm.

II.

THAT his next visit was significant of great things I knew the instant I set eyes upon his garb. It was the stiffest and hardest of box-made serge, garnished with a neutral tie in which a pin sparkled. His face was like a slab of granite, on the point of bleeding, for he had shaved to the quick.

He was in a state of suppressed excitement comparable in degree, though different in nature, to that of our first encounter.

To give further point to the special occasion, it was the middle of the forenoon.

"Weren't going to town this morning, was you?" was his opening remark.

"Yes." It was not strictly true, but one may make some concessions to a friend.

"You owe me a ride," he said, almost playfully for him.

"When do you want to start?"

"Now."

As we walked to the garage, I observed: "You look like a wedding guest."

It would have been natural to the austere spirit of the man they called Smithy to have resented this touch of the personal. Instead, he replied, with some gratification: "Yeh? Think so?" He inspected himself with satisfaction not unmingled with anxiety. "Pretty snappy, huh?"

"Couldn't be better."

He permitted himself a species of smile.

"There's a hen on," he said weightily.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked.

"Railroad station."

"There isn't any train at this time."

"Railroad station," he repeated. And his tone unmistakably implied that he did not wish to be obliged to tell me again.

As he got into the car, the boxy serge coat swung against me. In the side pocket was something hard, heavy, metallic. Involuntarily I glanced down and caught a steely gleam. Well, it was too late to back out now. But I think the special excitement which kept me keyed to the curious adventure of the next two hours was largely due to that suggestion of the sinister and formidable.

On the journey down my passenger was thoughtful, silent, controlled. Something told me that he would prefer to travel by other than main routes, so I took a roundabout way, crossed the tracks above the station, skirted the high, gray wall of the prison across the street, and pulled up at the door of the waiting room.

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"Shall I wait in the car?" I asked. I was taking orders that day.

"Yeh."

He went inside and sat down by an open window. No train was due for more than an hour. I moved the car to a spot where I could see him and sat back to wait. The man they called Smithy did not sit back. He held himself rigid and studied the station clock. Occasionally he twitched. This lasted for fifteen minutes.

Without any warning which I was able to discern, he became quietly tense. The street door opened. A woman came in. She was small, young, shabby, and calm. Though she had entered from the side farthest from the grim, gray prison walls, the pallor of her skin told me unmistakably whence she had come to keep this tryst. The man they called Smithy stood up.

"Hello, Nell."

"Hello, Art."

"How's things?"

"All right."

"Yeh? That's good."

He tucked his hand under the arm of the girl and led her to the car.

"This is her," he announced with pride.

In the strong sunlight I saw that her face, in spite of the lines and the jail blight, was merry and sweet and innocent.

"This is my friend," was his form of introduction for her benefit, indicating me.

She acknowledged it gravely, and they got into the back seat. By carefully angling the mirror I had so adjusted it that I could watch him. Considering that bulge in his pocket, I deemed this justified. While we drove through the town I could hear only subdued murmurs from the rear seat. Then something that he had said broke her control, and her voice twitched at my heartstrings.

"Two years, Art! My God! Two years."

"That's all right," he soothed her.

"How did you find out? I changed my name so's you couldn't."

"I found out, all right."

"The first time I got your signal and looked up, I near died. After that I'd-a died if you hadn't come. Rainy days it was terrible."

"Yeh? Couldn't yuh hear me goin' over? I went low a-purpose when they didn't letcha out in the yard."

"Yes, but that wasn't the same as seeing you. Some days I couldn't even hear. Did you come every day?"

"Sure."

"You're good to me, Art."

Silently I agreed. He was good to her.

AFTER that there was a long silence. We were half way home when he addressed her with a palpable effort. "Nell."

"Yes, Art."

"Didja pinch that dough?"

She must have nudged him, indicating my presence, for he said confidently:

"That's all right. He's a friend of mine."

"Yes, I took it. I had to have the money. You know that, Art."

"Yeh? Well, I guess that's right, too." His faith was absolute, amazing, and, I felt, justified. One believed this girl.

"It didn't do any good. She died anyway. Them hospital doctors! And then they pinched me."

"Why didn'tja send for me?"

"How'd I know where you was? I didn't even know whether you'd-a come," she answered dolorously.

"Yeh. I'd-a come."

"I thought you'd quit me for good. So I didn't care what they did to me. You hadn't ought-a quit me, Art, for just a little thing like that. I never meant to make you mad. Honest, Art."

A strange, harsh, grating sound like a very aged dog trying to bark almost surprised me into turning around. The girl's clear voice said tenderly, amazedly:

"Oh, *Arty!* Don't cry."

I turned into a country road. Her next remark gave me a sidelight upon the incredible motivation of life. "How could I know you didn't like parrots?"

"He didn't like me," said the man they called Smithy. "He dam' near bit my thumb off."

"I gave him to Milly after they arrested me. I don't care if I never see him again," she asserted, stoutly.

The man they called Smithy seemed vague about it. "That's all right," he muttered.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

He answered weightily: "We're goin' where I say we're goin'. Is that right?" The query was addressed to me, as I inferred from the unpleasant impression of his cold eyes boring into the back of my neck. In the mirror I saw his hand move toward his pocket, which thereupon developed a bulgy point in my direction.

"The car is yours," I said hastily, and, I trust, with hospitable effect. But I was annoyed. After our former relations I counted his action unfriendly.

His hand emerged with the pistol in it. It was loaded to its glass muzzle with red candy.

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"Oh, Arty!" crowed the ecstatic voice of the girl. "Cinnamon! You remembered."

"I'll say I remembered." Unscrewing the metal top of his absurd weapon, he poured forth its treasures. The girl made croony noises as she munched. The man they called Smithy laughed, and the sound of his mirth was as strange and startling to me as had been the spasm of his remorse.

"Where are we goin'?" he continued. "We're goin' to the nearest place where they perform legal marriages. Ain't that right, boss?" he appealed to me.

"That's right."

"You're sure you want to marry me, Art?"

"I'll tell the world. Why not?"

"I—I'm a con, now," she said, painfully.

"Is that all?" His tone was the acme of contemptuous dismissal.

"I can never go back on the Big Time again. I can never go back on any time. They're all hep to what I did. It was in the papers. You can't marry me, Arty."

"Lissen, girl. I gotta job a thousand miles from the nearest circuit. We start tomorrow, Mister *and* Missis."

At the justice's office she gave her occupation as "high trapeze artist." And so they were married.

"Where do we go from here?" inquired the wife of the man they called Smithy.

"We're goin' back to get the parrot from Milly," he said. It was the *amende honorable*.

"The parrot's dead," said the girl quickly; and for the first time I wondered whether that candid voice was capable of deception—in a good cause.

"My bird ain't," said the man they called Smithy, with as near an approach to joviality as was possible to his austere spirit. "She's waitin' for us on my friend's farm. Hither up, Bill."

The car turned into my private road and coasted down the hill.

"There she lays," said the man they called Smithy. "Stop her, Bill."

I put on the brakes. The three of us crossed the fields to where the aerial giant was harbored. The woman said: "Thank you, sir, for being a pal to Art. Art's all *right*."

The man they called Smithy said, "So long, Bill. Give her a twist, will yuh?"

"Wait a sec, Arty. I don't even known this gentleman's name. I'd like the full name, sir, please," she added with significance.

The man they called Smithy chuckled. Feeling prophetically flattered, I supplied the details.

The pair adjusted themselves and I administered the necessary twist. In an incredibly short time the plane was a tiny bird, a speck, then nothing, leaving the limitless sky void of romance and glamour. I felt absurdly lonely.

Long afterwards I received a letter under the vivid stamp of a Central American republic. The letter was as curt as the man they called Smithy, as direct and simple as the girl Nell.

"He is the finest ever, and we have named him after you," was the information imparted to "D'r Sir," the form under which they addressed me. "Picture inclosed."

The photograph was that of a particularly glorious cockatoo.

Probably I shall never again see the man they called Smithy and his high trapeze artist. Still, on golden days, I find myself listening, looking upward, hopeful of the drone of a propeller and the long, circling dip of the descent from the smiling heavens.

THE END

Something About the Author of Smithy

EVEN by his own meager confession Samuel Hopkins Adams is something of a person. Whereas two of his ancestors signed their names to just one document—the one they called the Declaration of Independence—his own name has been printed at the head of more articles and stories in more magazines than he can mention himself, offhand. His novels are authentic documents of American journalism as well as being good stories.

They had never played football at Hamilton College until this tall, hard-tackling undergraduate got them to try it. He was at the time engaged in shining as intercollegiate tennis champion, and as one of the fellows with a talent for writing, which made it quite natural for him to think about making a newspaper man of himself.

"One of Mr. Dana's bright young men," he became, down on Park Row. He was a good reporter, interested in facts and folks. His keen blue eyes saw everything they looked at, whether they peered into a medicine bottle or a human heart. All the romance of life is in his stories of natural, familiar people.

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Sticks to Post, Though Frightfully Burned, to Aid Comrades Trapped on U. S. Cruiser

By PHILIP KINSLEY

Staff Investigator for Liberty Weekly

TWENTY men in the turret of a cruiser preparing for peacetime target practice. The accidental ignition of a sack of powder, and a score of sailors writhing in the flame and fumes of a hell. A rush for the one small avenue of escape. The door to safety suddenly blocked. An officer and twelve enlisted men dead or dying. Those still in possession of their faculties—trapped!

Many will recall the disaster to the United States cruiser Trenton off the Virginia capes in the late afternoon of October 20, a year ago. And it will be remembered as an occasion when men distinguished themselves for brave conduct.

There was Ensign Henry Clay Dexter, who ran into the flaming interior of the turret, where death with such greediness and by methods of terrible torture was taking its toll. Ensign Dexter came out of the pit, dragging three men to safety. His clothes were afire and his face was burned black, but he returned again to the inferno to save a fourth life before the flames and fumes won, and he fell dead himself upon the deck.

There was Lieutenant Commander Paul F. Foster who, finding the access door of the turret blocked by flames and the dead and injured, dropped into the pit of fire from the upper handling room and, seizing a hose which was passed to him, finally subdued the blaze.

For his bravery and quick action, Foster was awarded the Naval Cross. Upon Dexter and Boatswain's Mate George R. Cholister, who likewise sacrificed his life in the work of rescue, crosses were bestowed posthumously.

Down in the turret, among the struggling mass of men, gasping for breath in the deadly air, smarting from the burns which the leaping flames seemed to take such delight in administering, there was, however, another participant in the disaster—Thomas Howard Bailey, second-class seaman. Though he was suffering the most miserable of tortures, young Bailey's faculties were all acute—painfully acute. And he was unable to move, so entangled did he find himself among his helpless companions.

Bailey was not an old-timer in the navy. A second-class seaman, he was young like the lads about him. He had not been old enough in 1918 when he had wanted to go overseas, so he had been obliged to boost his age to the enlistment officer. After the armistice, he had tried civil life for a while, and again had answered adventure's call and joined the navy. Left an orphan when an infant, the home he had known had been with an aunt and uncle in Erie, Pa. He had found the navy an adventure to his liking.

The ship had been making eighteen knots an hour. The two guns which projected from the turret had been swung out over the sea and given an extreme elevation.

Others *in* Flaming Turret

Picture by
M. D. CHARLESON

A ROPE was passed down. Bailey found he was able to reach it. He wriggled out from under the pile of bodies and managed to stand erect.

The powder bags were being hoisted to the turret for the opening salvo, when friction in the mechanical hoist caused the accident. An explosion would have meant more of a warning. There were merely sheets of flame. In an instant the turret was an inferno.

Bailey was not one of those killed outright. He found himself pinned in by his fellows, with the flames biting into his flesh, and fumes crowding his lungs.

Then, as if he were not in sufficient agony, there came suddenly the shock of water and the smart of salt against burned flesh. It came from the hose that was being played from above. The hose seemed to be full of kinks. Bailey, though his hands were literally roasted and the flesh was hanging in shreds, straightened them out and guided the stream where it would do most good—on the smoking bodies of other men.

A rope ladder was lowered, but no one in the turret could climb it. Then a rope was passed down, at Bailey's command.

Bailey saw it dangling. He found he was able to reach it. It was in his fingers, and it offered an escape from hell. He grabbed the rope, but he did not attempt to escape. He wriggled out from under the pile of bodies and managed to stand erect. His hands were subjecting him to excruciating agony. But his thoughts at that time were not of himself. With his maimed fingers, whose flesh had almost been seared from the bones, he knotted the rope around one man after another, and saw them drawn up out of their anguished plight.

"And I guess," said Bailey, after being pressed to tell about it the other day, "I guess some of them lived. I didn't know whether they were dead or alive. I just slipped the rope under their arms."

But he said nothing about his refusal to go up first when he had the chance—nothing about that.

No, he felt that he was "in command" down there. To use his own words, he "organized his forces."

And at last he was pulled out—pulled out to a world of pain. Nothing would stop the pain. And nothing has stopped it to this day.

For a year now Bailey has been going the rounds of the hospitals. He has been experimented upon with electric treatments and oil rubs, but it looks as though he would have to lose his hand, after all. He has applied for a pension, but has not been able to get any response from Washington officialdom except that the matter is under consideration. For a total disability he would get sixty dollars a month. But he is not totally disabled. He can walk. His eyes pain him at times, but he can read.

At the United States Marine Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a visitor found Bailey sitting by the window looking out over the smoky Allegheny hills. He was not bitter nor broken in spirit. He says he has found courage somehow to "stick around."

At first glance, one would not notice any-

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

thing wrong with the curly-haired lad, for he sits with his right hand crossed over his left. That left hand is the red badge of his heroism. It is twisted and bent as if with rheumatism, and the bones and the knuckles are almost showing through.

"Yes, it hurts," he admits. "It hurts all the time. But I'm getting used to it. I'm still 'sticking around.'"

He smiles, too—a grim smile as of one who has a burden that is well-nigh intolerable.

Twenty-five. That is all. Youth is his and a capacity for usefulness in the world, but he is marked for life with one useless hand, and the other is partially disabled.

Thomas Howard Bailey, ex-seaman second class, U. S. Navy, has his letter of commendation from Secretary Curtis D. Wilbur.

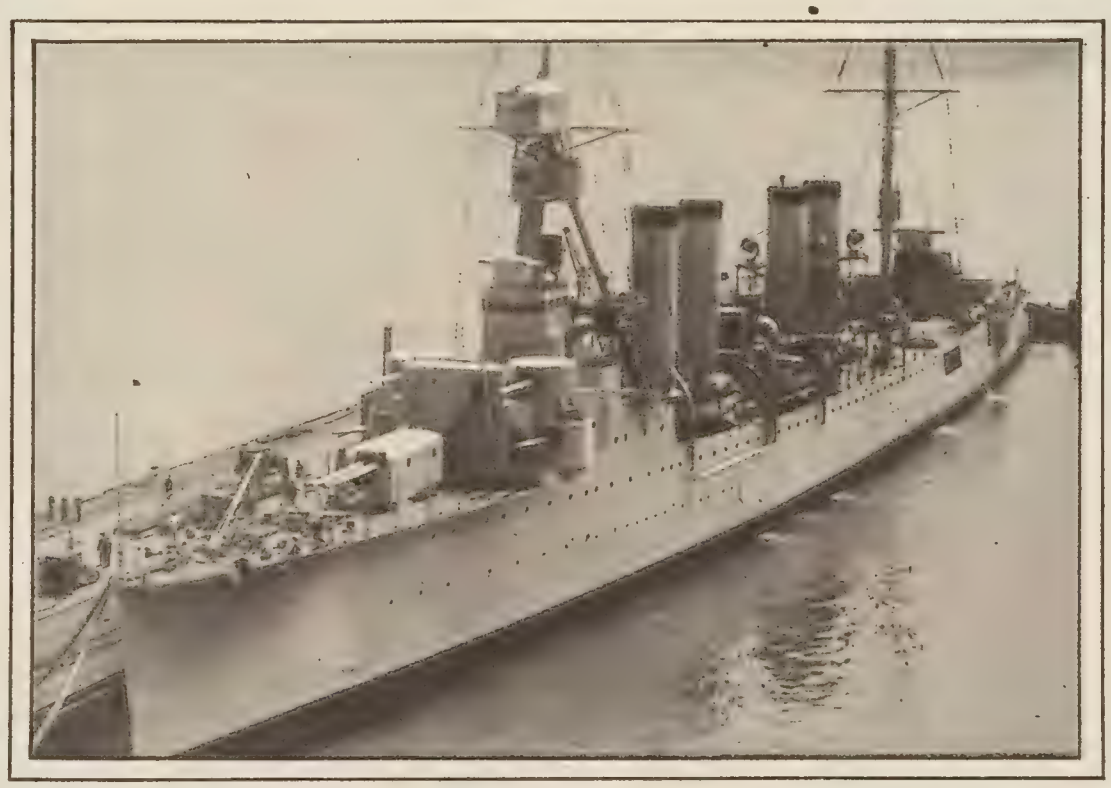
Thomas does not have the letter of praise for what he did hanging over his bed. But there is such a letter. It is clothed in official phraseology, but it lauds the boy for exhibiting "fortitude, endurance, and courage under the most trying circumstances."

So the boy has recognition from the Navy Department. The fact that the dominant impulse of his mind expressed itself in bringing order out of chaos and saving others ahead of himself has been commended.

Liberty's $1,000 bravery award for this week goes to Thomas Howard Bailey, ex-seaman second class, U. S. Navy, who, with a smile of pain on his lips, sits in a hospital window looking out over the smoky Allegheny hills. And with the cash will be sent the Liberty gold medal which is awarded each week for some outstanding deed of heroism.

And H. L. Will, 1201 Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, receives the supplemental reward of $100 for bringing Bailey's deed of heroism to Liberty's attention.

THE END



P. & A. Photo

The U. S. Scout Cruiser Trenton, scene of the turret disaster in which Bailey risked his own chance of escape to save the lives of others.

Conditions *of* Bravery Award

LIBERTY is offering $1,000 reward and a gold medal each week for the most courageous deed that comes to its attention. If you know of anyone who has performed an act of bravery, write a letter to Liberty about it. Give names, addresses, dates, and places, and tell what occurred. Liberty will send its representatives anywhere to check up the case and supply missing data.

To the person who informs Liberty of the winning deed each week, $100 in cash will be paid. If more than one person writes about the same deed the $100 will be paid to the one who sends the best letter.

As previously announced, the offer is open to every resident of the United States and Canada, and the deed for which the reward is given may have been performed anywhere in the world. If the act of heroism was performed by more than one person, and Liberty so determines, the money will be divided equally among the winners. If the winner shall have given his life in the performance of the deed, Liberty reserves the right to pay the money to the widow, the children, or any other beneficiary who, in its judgment, may deserve it.

Each week the names of winners will be published in Liberty, together with stories of the winning exploits.

All letters should be addressed "HEROES," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

Next Week: Liberty Will Award Another $1,000

for an Act of Exemplary Bravery. Watch for the Name of the Hero and the Thrilling Story of His Exploit!

5c

Bad weather S. B. or Menthol can't keep them apart!

FOR 78 years Smith Brothers' Cough Drops have made it possible for a man and a maid to go together—whatever the weather!

Wet feet don't matter; coughs and colds don't count where there are Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. They soothe the throat tissues and clear the air passages, thus acting as a real preventive measure.

SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS FAMOUS SINCE 1847

Dull—Unfit

Watch a sparkling drink change things in an hour

Often men and women rise in the morning feeling dull and unfit, because the system is clogged. The poisons and wastes depress them.

There are long ways and short ways to a remedy, but the shortest and pleasantest is this:

Drink a glass of water on rising, either hot or cold. Add a little Jad Salts. It will make a sparkling, pleasant drink. That will flush the intestines. Note the radical change in an hour.

The results come from acids derived from lemon and grapes, plus lithia, etc. And they are at your command every hour of the day.

Learn what Jad Salts mean to you. How soon they can change conditions. They may save you countless hours of depression. The coupon will bring you a liberal sample. Ask us for it—now.

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New York, Dept. 12-C

Free Test

Mail me a Free Sample of Jad Salts.

.....

.....

Fashion Makers Strike New Note *in* Winter Wraps

By
MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

CAPE coat of red brown woolen mixture trimmed with squirrel. Lucien Lelong.

DRESS of dull green silk trimmed in fringes of fine steel chains. Molyneux.

COAT of velvet printed in a dark, closely spotted pattern to imitate leopard. Collar and cuffs are of beige colored fox. A shirred flounce is set in low across the back. Molyneux.

COAT of taupish brown mixture trimmed in nutria. Contrary to the prevailing style of the season all of the fullness is in front. There is a flat line across the back, a row of buttons on either side. Renee.

THEY say the French language is so very precise that it always expresses exactly what is meant. Often when the Parisians wish to announce that the fashions have settled or have taken definite form they say the styles have "found themselves." To be quite exact, I should think they ought to say that we had found the styles. At any rate, we have found and chosen the outline of the accompanying coat by Renee. Of all the scores of silhouettes entered in the fall openings, I think this is the favorite for wraps.

Of course, other houses have variations on it as well. And it goes better than wraps with more material in them. I think it is the silhouette that will carry farthest into other seasons, if that means anything when we buy our clothes. For, although we are paying the profoundest respect to this fall's edict that there shall be flares and fullness, we still worship the slender young silhouette, which we have been years in cultivating. It is pretty hard to preserve this slim outline when swathed in a coat of woolen material, gathered and ruffled and godeted.

This wrap is almost in the silhouette of the one just past, which was so dear to us with its long, unbroken straight line. It breaks the straightness of other seasons with just a ripple across the skirt in front. It is flat in the back and recognizes the present demand for trimming by running a row of buttons down either side in the rear. The material is a taupish brown mixture and is trimmed in nutria. If it has a fastening one never uses it, but, as in the illustration, always holds the coat in place. The long, rolling collar is very smart.

M. Molyneux has taken just about the only device there is for getting fullness across the back of a heavy garment without making one look bulky. You can see his scheme in the third model. In everyday words, he struck a ruffle across the back at a latitude never ascending above the hips. If it was any higher it would threaten that straight silhouette which we are not going to relinquish without a stiff fight.

This coat is of brown velvet printed in a dark, closely spotted pattern to imitate a leopard's skin. I think imitations of the leopard are more fashionable than the skin itself this season. Every material that possibly can, up to and including organdie, seems to be making itself over in the disguise of the skin of the leopard. The coat's flat surface is beautifully contrasted with a fluffy collar and cuffs of beige colored fox.

If it isn't one of these coats, then it is something in the spreading silhouette of the model by Lucien Lelong. There seems to be nothing in between. People spend long hours in discussing which is the more popular at the moment and the more promising for the future. A whole faction maintains that every coat will be a cape presently. This one has the long, rolling collar of the season, which leaves a V shaped length of neck bare.

The collar is in squirrel, the grayness and the fluffiness of which are most becoming. The edge of the generously long, circularly sweeping cape is edged with an eight-inch band of squirrel. A lot of fur has gone into the trimming of this careless-looking wrap. Although it is of wool, it is far from cheap. The coat is of reddish brown wool.

Green has made good as the prevailing color of the season. It has been a long time "coming on." It is so very good for evening, especially in the dull shades which are adopted. Moreover, it combines well with that other adjunct to every evening dress, which is something metallic. There is an unwritten law, you know, that your dress must be trimmed in metal brocading, embroidery, or beading. M. Molyneux has combined the color and the garnishment very skillfully into a successful evening dress. It is shown here in all of its simplicity, its only feature being a double festooning of metallic fringe round the skirt and a sort of drop curtain of it in the back across the blouse just under the not very low neckline.

Up-to-Date Designs *for* Home Needleworkers

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

SMARTNESS and economy are combined in these frocks which distinguish the new styles, as shown on this page. Beautiful materials may be purchased at a comparatively small sum. The mannish fabrics are particularly stressed for the coming season. The texture of such a fabric makes it especially interesting for the home sewer, as it creates the effect of mannish tailoring without involving difficult workmanship. The Futuristic designs in silk are exquisite and need little or no trimming at all. Often a little strip of fur, ribbon velvet, or metallic trimming lends a chic touch to a most simple frock of crepe satin or velveteen.

For the woman who wants a frock for immediate wear, design No. 2507 will be found most distinctive. It has a two-piece circular skirt, attached to a long-waisted body that is left opened in front, showing a slip. Black Prince velvet with metallic brocade used for trimming, navy blue charmeen with silver metal-cloth or contrasting silk crepe, or claret colored crepe satin with metal brocade or velvet trimming is suggested. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material with ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Undoubtedly from both fashion and practical standpoints, the one-piece dress is preeminent for business or classroom wear. Design No. 2554 is exploited in reps, velveteen, novelty woolens, cashmere, and satin crepes in all the exclusive shops. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¼ yards of 54-inch material with ⅝ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

By PATRICIA

An inspiration from grown-ups' dresses, with the popular shirt bosom vestee, convertible collar, long sleeves, and plaits at sides, is expressed in junior styling in design No. 2316. Balbriggan in high shades, novelty woolen in small checks and plaids, flannel, kasha, or velveteen, is appropriate for this cunning frock. Cuts in sizes 6 to 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material with ⅜ yard of 10-inch white material and ⅜ yard of 27-inch blue material.

A decidedly youthful frock, with circular fullness at sides and back, and with interesting neckline and long flare sleeves, is shown in style No. 2543. It would be stunning fashioned of heavy satin that resembles panne velvet, velveteen, brocaded velvet chiffon, needlepoint, veloria, charmeen, or suede cloth. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material.

A smart new style with slenderizing lines, with deep French V-front and rolled collar which forms revers and ends in a tie, which is slipped through slashed openings across the front, is shown in design No. 2553. Embroidered twill or flannel, bordered heavy crepes, printed with Indian designs in Indian colors, English cashmere, tweed, or crepe satin are appropriate. Cuts in sizes 36 to 48 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¼ yards of 54-inch bordered material with 2¾ yards of 4-inch ribbon.

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Picture by GERALD LEAKE

"OH, if it means casting me off altogether, don't marry her. Give her up. Don't do it."

YOUNG MR. BOWEN

A Vivid Novel of Fame, Fortune, and a Fascinating Woman

By W. B. MAXWELL

WHO'S WHO IN THE SIXTH INSTALLMENT

ERIC BOWEN, *an ambitious but guileless young Englishman, leaves the staff of the Mayfair Gazette to work for*

JOHN CORNISH, *a wealthy Londoner who owns the Gazette and many other more important enterprises. Cornish, liking Eric, makes him his right-hand man, and throws many opportunities his way. Eric also meets*

RUTH CORNISH, *the quiet, lovable daughter of the capitalist. Meanwhile Eric remains friendly with*

CYRIL FAULKNER, *the brilliant and unscrupulous editor of the Gazette, because of*

FERNANDE FAULKNER, *a beautiful woman several years older than Eric, who lives with Cyril as his wife, though another man is her husband. One night Eric and Fernande discover that they love each other, but Fernande will not desert Cyril, even though Cyril is brutal to her and shortly afterward deserts her for*

MRS. ADOLPH LYNCH, *a wealthy Jewess. Fernande now takes mean lodgings and works as a shop girl. Meanwhile Eric apparently offends Ruth by remarking that "he hopes to see her married some day." Shortly after, Fernande sprains her ankle, loses her job, and worries herself ill. Eric provides for her, visits her, and hears the story of her life—how to escape an impossible home life she married a man who became a drunkard, how she had left him and lived by her wits, and how finally she had found refuge with Cyril.*

ONE morning in October Eric was summoned to the library for what Cornish termed "a quiet confab." He found Cornish sitting idle at his writing table as if lost in thought.

"You wanted to speak to me?"

"Yes," said Cornish, rousing himself from his meditation. "Sit down. There's two things I want to speak of, Eric," and his tone was unusually gentle and affectionate.

"Subject Number One: A certain lady that you and I both know—a married lady that you habitually speak of as a great friend. You guess the party I allude to?"

"You mean Mrs. Faulkner. What about her?"

"Well, just this. If you don't want to mess yourself up for good and all, isn't it high time to pull up short—and precious short, too? Now, look here, Eric"—and Cornish spoke very affectionately indeed. "I know you're above board—you're a kind-hearted fellow. But I ask you, how can anybody help thinking there's something wrong when they see a good-looking fellow of your sort hanging after an attractive woman of her sort?"

"It's not the case that I hang after her—as you call it."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

"You're a queer fellow, Eric"—and Cornish smiled. Then he resumed a serious tone. "Let us be quite clear. The lady is a friend. Have I your loyal assurance that she isn't something else, too?"

"Yes."

"And you have no intention of ever making her anything but that?"

"No."

"On your honor, Eric?"

"On my honor."

"I am satisfied, fully satisfied," said Cornish.

Cornish had left his seat at the writing table, and walked about the room. He came back smiling.

"Very well. Now for subject Number Two, more delicate than the other! My daughter—Ruth! I suppose I needn't pretend it'll be any news to you to hear that Ruth also likes you, Eric—she is fonder of you, considerably fonder of you, than I am," and he laughed, and stood rubbing his hands together. "But perhaps you haven't quite expected to hear the next bit. Eric, I don't object. You have my permission to go full speed ahead. I want you to; for I believe you are the only man who is likely to make her happy . . . Well? What have you got to say to that?"

Eric had nothing to say for a space of time that seemed long. He was overwhelmed. Ruth fond of him—her father willing that she should marry him!

"I—I never once thought of such a thing as possible," he stammered.

"Oh, bunkum!" said Cornish forcibly. "How could you help thinking of it? But you have hung back, very properly, no doubt, in telling your thoughts. Never thought of it? Rubbish. Anyhow, you had better think of it now, and think hard."

"Of course, I admire Miss Cornish very greatly."

"Admire her! Yes, you have shown that plainly enough." Cornish's face grew very red and he stared at Eric. "Eric, I haven't made a mistake, have I? All this summer there was real meaning in your behavior toward her, wasn't there?"

"Honestly, Mr. Cornish, I never for a moment thought that you—that Miss Ruth could possibly do me this great honor."

"WHY, man, she made your word law! What you liked and what you didn't like decided everything. She laid the lot of us at your feet. In Scotland, too. Now, you may be modest, but you're not an ass. You must see what this indicates plainly enough."

"Mr. Cornish, I really am overwhelmed. I don't know how to express myself."

"Don't you?" And Cornish's voice became very firm. "Then I'll go on with it. You said I was doing you an honor. Well, I think I am—doing you the greatest honor one man can do another. But don't pick up the wrong end of the stick. This business is not to be one-sided—on my daughter's side only. If you can't respond, if you can't give her faithful love in return for what I know she is ready to give you, then the whole thing must end, here and now."

But Eric could respond, he was already responding. In every moment since the dazzling fact of Ruth's affection had been pressed upon him his heart had grown warmer, softer, more full of gratitude and joy. It seemed to him that he had been in love with her ever since the time when they first began to talk to each other without shyness or reserve; it seemed that he had known that he loved her, but thinking her inaccessible, he had never dared to recognize his condition.

When he spoke, it was almost as if he had been speaking to herself and not to her father.

"I swear I would do my best to make her happy! It would be the business of my life."

"Ah," said Cornish, with loud satisfaction, "now you're talking like a man—at last."

Then he said that Eric had better absent himself from the house for a week or ten days, and during this period not only reflect quietly on the future but also tidy up and arrange his present existence. As an excuse for Eric's absence Cornish had, in fact, some little business for him in Paris. He could run over there at once, finish Cornish's task, and then clear off everything in London.

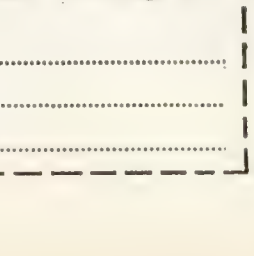
"But I really have nothing to do," said Eric.

"Oh, yes, you have," said Cornish, with a touch of sternness. "You have got to break off definitely and forever with Mrs. Faulkner. My girl's husband—or the man she's engaged to marry—must have no lady friend. There isn't a self-respecting woman who would allow it. Least of all, Ruth.

"I know what you are going to say. You can't behave meanly to a person who has been kind to you and put you under obligations. I don't ask you to. If she really needs assistance she shall have it—generous assistance—but it must come through *me*, and not through you. Tell her, if you like, that she may look to me—in reason. And one more word. You had better get off at once—I mean, from here."

"Then I am not to see Miss Cornish before I go?"

"As essential as the razor and tooth-brush," says BARTON, the merchant



It's included in the toilet kits of most successful men—that bottle of Glo-Co Hair Dressing, because they know it keeps the hair neat all day.

No grease. No stickiness either. Glo-Co Hair Dressing is a liquid, not a cream or paste. Acts as a tonic on the scalp, stimulating the roots of the hair to new growth and doing away with dandruff.

If you're much troubled with dandruff, have a Glo-Co treatment each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing to the scalp to soften the scurf, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. This marvelous Shampoo removes every trace of dandruff and bacteria.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

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From $50 a Week to $67 a Day!

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"After fourteen years as conductor on a railroad," writes C. A. Thomas, a California man, "I came in on my passenger run and never went out again. I saw there were wonderful chances in the selling field; so I started in selling real estate. The first month I did not make a sale. I saw I needed something to help me, so I took up LaSalle training in Salesmanship. The next month I made $700, and last month I averaged better than $67 a day, throughout the month. Is there anything more I can say for LaSalle training?"

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Tell me about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

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☐Business Management
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Don't "Drug" Your Headache

with a powerful drug which leaves you with a worn-out feeling and ready for another headache.

Be careful. Take "the Balanced Prescription", a safe and effective combination of beneficial ingredients, the remedy that has stood the test of 35 years—

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No exhausting after-effects. You feel "wonderful" after Kohler-Antidote. Easy and pleasant to take.

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How They Reduced

Most people everywhere keep slender in these days. Wherever you look, the great majority of men and women are combating fat.

Ask how they do this and many will mention Marmola. This famous prescription has for 18 years been reducing excess fat Millions have learned its efficiency. The results are seen in every circle now. Almost everyone has slender friends who owe their figures to Marmola.

Users have told others, until people are taking 100,000 Marmola tablets daily. The treatment has come into world-wide use.

No abnormal exercise, no starvation diet. Just a pleasant tablet. No secrets. We state every ingredient and tell how Marmola acts. You know exactly why and how reduction comes

Then why remain over-fat? Every idea of beauty and efficiency forbids. When so many people keep slender so easily, why not find out how? You owe that to yourself.

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198

"No, I think not. . . . But hold on." Cornish meditated. "Yes, say a word of good-by to her. Just tell her I am sending you to Paris, and you won't be back for a week at least. But noncommittal. Not a word with meaning in it. I trust you."

Ruth was playing her violin. She laid the instrument down carefully, and turned to him with her sedate air and peering glance.

In a hurried, blundering way he announced that he was on the point of departure for Paris.

Then he saw her calmness deserting her. The color flickered in her face, and she looked at him intently.

"When may we expect to see you back?" And he saw that her cheeks were white and her eyes full of trouble.

"In a week from now—not more. I shall come back as soon as I can, Ruth."

HER color flickered again, blazed, faded; her eyes glowed at him, her lips smiled at him; while he stood confused, ashamed, after his tremendous slip of the tongue. Accidentally he had used her name in speech as he had used it in thought. He had called her Ruth.

"You can't come back too soon." And she held out her hand to him. "Not a day too soon—Eric."

He took her hand, so firm and yet so soft, so brave, as it lay in his, and then, murmuring his good-by, left her, conscious that she watched him as he went down the long room.

The great prize was to be Eric's. The aloof princess had come down the steps of her throne, taken his hand, and said, "Here is the knight I choose, and I will have none other." Life was truly a fairy tale.

Naturally, he felt pride, elation, joy in the splendor of his triumph; but it was the girl, not the princess, that he wanted to marry. It was nothing to him that Ruth was rich, and that, whether he desired it or not, her husband must forever be wrapped about with luxury. And the thought came again and again, "What have I done to deserve all this, and how can I prove worthy of it?"

Then, as the day wore on, he thought of Fernande. Gradually the coming interview with her seemed to grow difficult; more than difficult, an ordeal that he had good reason to dread. Gradually, foreboding anticipations of it began to take all the glory from his day.

The condition imposed upon him seemed now hard and unfeeling, even mercilessly severe, as it affected her. For himself, he knew that in truth Cornish was perfectly right to demand it. One cannot have even the semblance of a divided allegiance. And Fernande as a background figure was impossible. She was too engrossing, too absorbing. She filled one's mind.

His heart ached, his spirit quailed. The interview with Fernande was going to be terribly difficult.

II.

HE had said he would call for her, and at eight o'clock he was climbing the narrow staircase with leaden footsteps. Lamplight shone out to meet him on the top flight. The door stood open, and as soon as he reached it her voice sounded gayly from within.

"Is that Mr. Eric Bowen? . . . Come in, sir."

He went into the ugly little sitting room, and she talked to him through the open doorway of her bedroom.

"I won't keep you a moment. I'm ready. Only giving final touches." And she laughed. ". . . There. . . . You said I wasn't to dress. Am I all right?"

She had come from the bedroom, and she took both his hands, then stepped back for him to inspect her. She was in black, with a purple scarf—her favorite color—round her neck. He had never seen her looking more attractive.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$1,000.00

for best titles

PLEASE help us get a title for this beautiful picture—the 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel.

How would you describe this scene in a few words? Write down the titles that come to you; then send in the best one.

CASH PRIZES. 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $150; and 2 prizes of $50 each.

SUGGESTIONS. These titles may set your mind working — Beauty's Reward; Love's Hour; One or None?; "I Love You, Dearest"; Beneath the Palms; Beauty Wins.

RULES

1. Only one title from one person
2. Ten words or less for the title
3. Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title write only your name and full address plainly
4. Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your title
5. Contest closes Nov. 30, 1925, but get your title in early
6. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant
7. Prizes paid Dec. 15, 1925. Winners announced Jan. 9, 1926, in Saturday Evening Post

Note: If you plan to get panel, you can send for it and send in your title. No one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

Get 1926 Panel
and samples

This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Executed by the famous colorist, Gene Pressler. Size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value 75c to $1. Sent for two dimes along with valuable samples of Pompeian Bloom; Pompeian Beauty Powder; Pompeian Day Cream; Pompeian Night Cream. Tear off the coupon now, and send today.

Pompeian
Beauty Powder

Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories
2005 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Dear Madame: I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel, the valuable samples and Madame Jeannette's booklet of beauty suggestions.

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....
Powder shade wanted?.....

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For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up.
Get a jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from your druggist and use it like cold cream.

FREE SAMPLE

Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. 12-D, New York, N.Y.
Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

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Bob-Or-No-Bob

only STA-RITE *will hold the hair securely in place*

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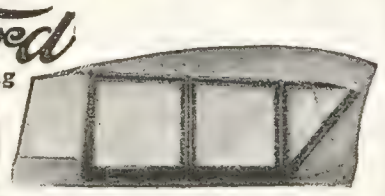

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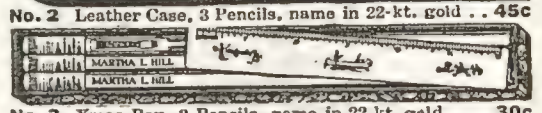

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

"Bless you," she said, "for the happy inspiration of giving me a treat tonight. Where are we to feed?"

"Well, anywhere you like that's quiet."

"Then we'll go to a little new place I have discovered. It's close by. We'll walk."

"I love this place," she said, happily, when they were seated at their table at the back of the new restaurant's one room. "It's so small—so cozy—so French. Wasn't it clever of me to find it? Oh, my dear, I *am* so hungry."

Her face brightened in the candlelight. She had opened the purple scarf, and her smooth throat gleamed whitely. Every movement that she made was graceful, pleasant to watch. Who could help admiring her, feeling her charm, shrinking from the infliction of pain upon her? Eric thought, "I must tell her. It is cowardly to put it off."

"Yes," she said, "I believe I have got another job—eminently respectable—quite what you would approve of. I am to go on trial as manageress and doorkeeper of a tea shop at Earl's Court. It's kept by two sisters—spinsters of repute—ladies to the tips of their poor old fingers. . . . Oh, how good this soup is! So hot, too. Look another way, and I'll blow at it."

SHE was happy—happy because she was with him. For no other reason. And he had to tell her that she would never enjoy this innocent happiness again, that this was their farewell meal, that after they had eaten and drunk they were to say good-by forever.

Suddenly she ceased talking and touched him with her hand.

"Eric, what's up? You don't eat—you don't speak. I'm sure there's something on your mind. What is it?"

Then he began his task.

"Well, it's this. Do you remember you made me promise that if I had any big piece of news—a change in my way of life——"

He stopped short, because the alteration in her aspect was so pitiful, so startling. All the light seemed to go out of her face, leaving it hard, cold, lifeless.

"Go on. The news is?" And she spoke in a jerky whisper. "Oh, I can guess it. To Miss Cornish?"

"Yes. . . . But how do you——"

"Oh, who else could it be? Naturally I'm not surprised. I have expected it for a long time. But thank you for keeping your promise and letting me know. When is the happy event to—to take place?"

"That I can't say. I don't know. It is a plan. But nothing is yet settled, Fernande!"

She had sat right back in her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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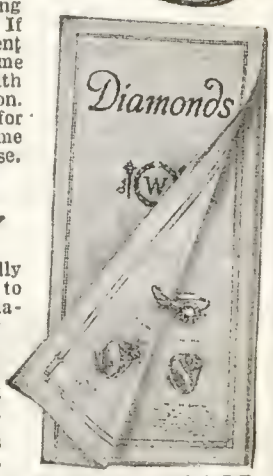

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

chair and half closed her eyes. She was so deadly pale that he thought she was going to faint.

"It's all right, Eric," she whispered, and he saw a shiver moving her head and shoulders. "Give me a moment, and I'll be sensible. It—it's only just the little shock—not of surprise—but you know."

Then presently she leaned forward again, and he saw the struggle that she made to smile at him. "Of course that girl has tried to get you from the very beginning. Well, she has got you now. You—you dear innocent—you didn't see it coming. How did the great heiress open your eyes in the end? I'm sure it was she who proposed, not you."

"Fernande!"

"Yes, I know. What a pig I am!" And in a moment her manner changed, her face softened, her voice grew kind. "Eric, dear, forgive me. I don't mean to be hateful. Miss Cornish, without doubt, is a charming young woman. All the feminine virtues—and the best of good taste, too, as she is proving."

And now Fernande really smiled at him, and stretched out her hand to find his with the old frank gesture of affection. "You don't think I mind? Of course, it is splendid news—magnificent—just what I used to pray for. Didn't I always say I *wanted* you to marry—to have a rich wife? From the bottom of my heart I congratulate you, Eric. I'm glad, glad, glad."

"Fernande," he said, swelling with emotion, "you are fine—you are always fine."

"Dear boy." She squeezed his hand and released it.

"Tell me," she said, very quietly, "about your—your sweetheart. Do you love her, Eric? Oh, don't be shy. I want to know."

HE answered this and other questions with reluctance, and felt vaguely conscious that now for the first time he was not visualizing Ruth as he spoke of her. In the emotions of the last hour Ruth had receded. Ruth had become unsubstantial, almost unreal. Fernande was filling his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. She had made him happy again. He had told her and she did not mind; for his sake she rejoiced.

Then he realized, with a dreadful qualm, that he had not told her. The blow that might shake her and rend her had not been delivered. He felt as if he dared not speak and yet dared not delay in speaking.

Next moment she made delay impossible.

Fernande was saying that after his marriage she would not be exacting, because naturally he would be much less free than now; they would see each other when and how they could. He told her then, at last, that after his marriage he would be compelled to renounce all meetings with her.

"But why? I don't understand."

Her face had died again in the candlelight; her lips were contracted, and she was breathing fast.

"Why? Is it your future wife who has said that?"

"No."

"Then why have *you* said it? You mean you will do it of your own free will? You mean you yourself wish to cut me out of your life altogether?"

"No, I don't wish it. But I am afraid it's inevitable. You see, I shall have other claims."

"And have *I* no claims?"

He could not answer. He felt too mean, too wretched. The sight of her miserable, unhappy face, the sharp anguish of her voice, overcame him.

"Very well, Eric. I don't rebel against your decision. How can I? You are the judge—and there is no court of appeal. I—I am at your mercy."

She was wrapping her scarf round her neck.

"Pay them," she said abruptly, and she got up from the table. "Be quick. I'm going. I'll wait for you outside."

III.

THEY walked away side by side. She walked head down. All the grace and strength of her body seemed to have gone from her.

"Fernande," he murmured feebly, "I am dreadfully sorry. I'll try to explain——"

"Oh, there's nothing to explain," she said, in a meek, submissive voice that affected him with an almost intolerable regret. "It's quite natural. I understand."

"Fernande."

They walked on without speaking, until suddenly she stopped and uttered an exclamation that was like a cry.

"Eric! You say you are going to Paris tomorrow for a week. Do you mean you don't intend to see me when you come back—that this is the very last time, that it is good-by, now, tonight?"

"Well, when I come back from Paris, I had planned that my new life should begin—if it is ever to begin."

She stood still, raising her head to look at him in the light of a shop window that flooded them both. Then her head sank again.

"All right. Quite all right, Eric. You know best. Good-by, dear; good-by." And the voice was shaken, broken. "But is it any use prolonging it? I dare say you'll be glad to have it over. There's not much sense in coming with me for more talk. Say good-by now."

"No, I want to sit with you. I want more talk."

When they reached her rooms she was gentle and calm. After taking off her hat and scarf she busied herself with his comfort. She drew the curtains, lit the gas fire in the sitting room, and in the kitchen got ready her cups and saucers.

"I'll make you some coffee, dear. Yes, you shan't be cheated of your coffee. You'll smoke, won't you?" And she held a lighted match for him.

There was neither life nor spring in her movements as she went from room to room; her voice had become heavy and toneless; her shoulders seemed to have contracted; she looked small, weak, forlorn.

When she had brought him his coffee she knelt by the gas stove and warmed her hands. While she remained in this position she talked to him, with a firmness very pathetic because of the perceptible effort that it cost her.

"Now, for final words of advice. Fernande in her wisdom must hold forth to the chosen child of fortune. . . . Eric, dear, I see you going straight on, never looking behind you, never faltering. You mustn't, you know. Nothing can be too big for you henceforth. . . Oh, I am glad. Dear boy, I can't tell you that too often. I am glad—and soon I shall be happy. I shall watch you from a distance. They can't object to that." And her voice broke again. "Of course, they'll make you a partner. My Eric will rise from height to height. You'll go into Parliament—you'll be made a peer—you'll, you'll——" And she stopped speaking and made queer gestures with her hands.

"I shall owe everything to you, Fernande—whatever it may be. I'll never forget that."

She rose from her knees and went into the bedroom, saying over her shoulder that she would be back in a moment.

Presently, as she did not return, he called to her; and, as she did not answer, he went into the other room himself.

She was stretched, face downward, on the bed, quietly weeping. When he stooped over her and touched her she shivered from head to feet.

"I am cold," and she began to sob so that he could scarcely hear her words. "Please light the fire."

There was a gas stove in here, too, and he lit it. Then he sat beside her on the bed and chafed her hands.

"Thank you, dear. . . . But you had better go. Leave me alone—to have my cry out—and I shall be all right. . . . Oh, Eric—my dear one—my own one." She sat up and folded him in her arms, clinging to him, hiding her face against his breast and sobbing. "Eric, it's more than I can bear."

He sat there, holding her to him, feeling once more her slenderness, her smallness, her weakness, while he touched her soft, dark hair, her quivering arm, her cold hand, and tried to comfort her with caresses and whispered words. He thought of the story of her whole life—the mother that was worse than no mother, the pain, the shame; of the drunken husband bringing her disgrace by his senseless clamor; of Cyril with his unspeakable baseness; of all the women who had scorned her, of all the brutes of men who had used her for their pleasure, degraded her, ill-treated her; and he remembered her cry long ago when first he had spoken harshly to her, "Oh, not you, Eric. Not you, too."

He held her closer to him—his companion, his sister, his child; and he thought, "I can't bear it, either. It shan't be. I must appeal to Ruth, explaining everything. I must tell Cornish that I can't accept his condition; I can't give up my friend. There's no reason why I should. Ruth will agree. It's absolutely innocent."

"Fernande, stop crying. Listen. I have something to say."

BUT then, before he could say it, the full storm of her grief burst upon him. "Oh, if it means casting me off altogether, don't marry her. Give her up. Don't do it." She was loud, violent, clutching at him. "Think of me—of all I have done for you. Give her up. Think of what I have given up—and all for you. I have made you my anchor and my hope. Eric, think. I am poor, dreadfully hard up. I am working like a common drudge—and all because of you. You know that."

"No. How do you mean?"

"Being good," she sobbed, "for your sake—and because I felt it hurt you when I wasn't."

"Fernande, is this true?"

"Of course it's true. Mr. Letronne—all of them—one after another—everyone who helped me and would do things for me—they saw that only you counted. I let them go. And I wouldn't take help from others. I kept myself straight—all for your sake. Even Cyril. Cyril has been thrown over, too—for months and months. Then what should I do if I lost you altogether? I should go right down. I should commit suicide. But you say claims! Isn't what I have done a claim upon you?"

She broke from his arms and flung herself down on the bed again.

"Oh, Eric, shoot me. Kill me. Put me out of my misery."

He dared not touch her. He drew back aghast; and she lay writhing, wailing, making him think of a girl who lies face downward in the roadway after one has knocked her down

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

with an automobile or galloped over her on a horse. He was beside himself. The Cornishes, father and daughter, his future and his past, everything for a few minutes went from him. This terrible elemental woe swept all thought away. He spoke to her without thought, instinctively, not knowing what he said.

She did not listen to him, she did not hear him, she only writhed and sobbed, filling the room with the sounds of her anguish.

Then she was up again, clinging to him, but limp and nerveless as she pressed her cold, wet face against him. And in another minute the tempest was over.

"Forgive me, Eric. . . . You—you must marry her. Oh, of course."

"Fernande, I can't, if you feel like this."

"Yes, yes, yes. Oh, it's wicked, wicked, what I was trying to do. I was trying to ruin you." She spoke with a sort of despairing calmness. "I—I would sooner die than injure you. There. Now I have had my cry. And you needn't worry about me."

"But I must."

"No, dear. I am going to be brave. It's done now. I feel as if all inside me had been torn away." And once more she sobbed.

Then she begged him to go into the other room. She said she wished to bathe her eyes and make herself tidy.

"I don't want you to remember me as ugly and horrid for the last time. It's not late, is it? You can stay a little longer."

He obeyed, going into the other room and waiting for her to come to him. Time passed and she made no sound.

He had closed the door, but she opened it at last and spoke to him, and he noticed that her voice was firm.

"I have been thinking, Eric—Oh, thinking ever so hard. I have made up my mind. Now I won't keep you long." And she shut the door.

WHEN she opened the door again she did it so softly that he was unaware of her presence. She whispered his name, and he looked up from the sofa where he sat brooding. Then she came to him slowly, with her bare arms outstretched, and stood before him, smiling. She had put on one of her oriental wrappers, a flashing, glittering thing of scarlet and gold. She dazzled his tired eyes.

"Your hand-maiden has painted her face and loosened her hair. Is she comely, as she used to be, in the great lord's sight?" And she sat beside him and twined an arm about his neck. "Do you understand, my prince? Fernande wants to be yours just for once on your own terms. Listen, darling." She had taken possession of him, she was kissing his face, making him close his eyes beneath her kisses. "I am letting you go to somebody else. I am losing you, but you must give me something. Something I *will* have. Take me with you to Paris. Give me one week—to remember for the rest of my life. And that shall be all. I swear I'll leave you alone afterwards."

"Fernande, how can I? Don't you see I'm bound——"

"Not yet. . . . Stay with me tonight—and we'll talk about it in the morning. One night, Eric, out of all your life"; and she stifled his words with her lips. She held him fast until he had no strength to speak, and then went on whispering to him. "Oh, you know what I am. You needn't have any compunction. I want you. I shan't let you go. Oh, don't be cruel—don't struggle, my angel. It's Fernande. You can't hurt her, you can't break her heart. You can't refuse to love her, when she asks you like this."

Eric has given his word to Cornish. Will he fail to keep his promise? In the seventh installment, in next week's issue, Eric chooses his allegiance.

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An anxious moment for Lillian Gish

Captions by QUINN MARTIN

RENEE ADOREE (in oval), who played with John Gilbert in The Big Parade, will have the part of Musetta in the coming production of La Boheme.

SOME say Lillian Gish (above) is a great actress, others think different, and still others believe it takes just that—difference of opinion—to demonstrate how great she is. However, let's declare an armistice until La Boheme, her next picture, is shown. And then it should be decided. Very best of Luck! John Gilbert—now the favorite among leading men—will play Rudolph.

ANOTHER sister of an already established player has her first big part. Katherine Bennett (large square, left), sister of Enid Bennett, will portray Phemille in this screen version of La Boheme.

AND the newest and one of the very best villians, Roy D'Arcy (small square, left), will complicate the plot in the same production as Paul.

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Weinstein.....*George Sidney*
Bernstein.....*Bernard Randall*

IT SO happens there are a number of young women acting in the cinema whom I always have said I should detest meeting in the middle of a lonely road, on a dark night, with nobody else around. Corinne Griffith is not one of these. Indeed, to be out with it, a fairer maiden has not swept across the vision of these old eyes since Hollywood began and all the trouble started. It was so even at first, in those days of long ago (three years, perhaps!) when first she made her appearance modestly and not a little frightened in a series of half-baked screen dramas which are remembered but faintly now and only remembered at all by virtue of the presence in their casts of this singularly beautiful girl. What the reviewer is trying to get at is that the star of *Classified* is as pleasing to look upon as, so the Californians would say, a California sunset. Of course, such twaddle is doing the matter scant justice. She is simply grand.

Corinne Griffith

And here she is in *Classified*. Here she is as a spirited and dreaming young daughter of a lower-class Bronx flat-dwelling loafer. And Miss Edna Ferber has shown the day-by-day existence of this New York working girl as the New York working girl exists only in the minds of persons who are not quite bright and who take everything they read in the modern novels of Broadway's devastating wickedness without the well-known grain of salt. The screen story is improbable. It is even more so. It is impossible. It is laughable. It is unbelievable. And still in spite of the fact that a young man who picks up Babs Comet on the crowded New York street one morning and takes her in his automobile to her office in the newspaper office (where she solicits want ads) comes by chance into contact with her the same day by telephone; discovers her brother is his best pal, and in the end marries her, one at no time feels the occasional cinematographical urge to take off one shoe, heave it at the screen and go home. With all its farfetchedness it is almost continuously amusing. (I wonder if what I really mean to say is that this blonde person is almost continuously bewitching, and always worth watching? Probably so.)

Ward Crane

THANK YOU

Directed by John Ford *William Fox Picture*

THE CAST:

Kenneth Jamieson.....*George O'Brien*
Diane.....*Jacqueline Logan*
David Lee.....*Alec Francis*
Mr. Jamieson, Sr......*George Fawcett*
Miss Blodgett.....*Vivian Ogden*

THE impression grows that George O'Brien, William Fox's leading brown-haired boy, will not need to go to the dentist for years and years. George is the muscular young man so persistently billed as "Smiling George." And now, after having seen *Thank You*, even the least skilled in the art of extraction and bridge work will be placed in a position to give George a pretty thorough molar inspection and pronounce him one hundred per cent sound.

And now what a fairly sizable number of his followers would like to see would be something different and exciting; a courageous display of moral fortitude under discouraging circumstances. A leap from a high precipice into shallow water, or something. In the John Golden stage play, which deals for the most part with the life in a small town of an abused minister, Smiling George walks away with one of the daintiest little ladies who ever came home from Paris smoking cigarettes and wearing them up to her knees. I could find no sufficient reason for the hero's extreme popularity with Diane, the beautiful, although it is true enough he showed his teeth every other minute, on the minute, and wore low-necked sweaters in the most alluring fashion.

Alec Francis

There is no good reason why the attention should be directed exclusively to this strangely fascinated couple. There was a fine performance by that great old granddaddy of the films, Alec Francis. It is a fact that there was at least one episode in which we all felt terribly like breaking down and weeping with the unhappy parson. This was, to be explicit, at that hour wherein the Rev. David Lee, after a quarter century of loyalty and faithfulness to his little flock of dirty bums who had patronized and misused him, was being discharged from his pulpit because he dared to harbor in his home this too-lovely pink-kneed niece. However, I think we all stood up under the ordeal.

Jacqueline Logan

If smiling George, who had won the parson's niece, had clipped a half dozen of the old gentleman's persecutors smartly behind the ear with a club, the evening would have developed into a jubilation.

It is a pretty fair, cloyingly wholesome picture play, and if you don't think so, why you may have your own way about it.

COMPROMISE

Directed by Alan Crosland *Warner Bros. Picture*

THE CAST:

Joan Trevore.....*Irene Rich*
Alan Thayer.....*Clive Brook*
Hilda.....*Louise Fazenda*
Nathalie.....*Pauline Garon*
Cholly.....*Raymond McKee*
Aunt Catherine.....*Helen Dunbar*
Joan's Father.....*Winter Hall*
James (Alan's Best Man).....*Lynn Cowan*
Commodore Smithson.....*Edward Martindel*

THE tornado scenes come on in this picture just in time to prevent drowsiness from developing into general melancholia. It is quite remarkable what the introduction, if unforeseen and unannounced, of a good cyclone into what has been up to that moment a slow and uneventful cinema will do for both film and film patron. It may even rush in as an allegorizing element and still make its mark and save the day. For it is in this fashion that the twister in Compromise puts in its appearance.

Irene Rich

Miss Irene Rich (who also is one of your correspondent's best liked little women) has struggled through marital perplexities for years, the misunderstood idealist, crushed at the spectacle of jazz, gin and the Charleston as these agencies of the devil whirl dizzily before her sad eyes.

It is at the peak of this fight of virtue versus vice, when it appears certain to Miss Rich that her husband is about to be ensnared by the seductive cooing of her zippier half-sister, that the fun begins. And what a storm this young Crosland boy has turned out! I don't think that I have ever experienced one more terrible in its fury.

And twenty years of this here life was devoted to a sort of citizenship in the occasionally gusty State of Kansas!

It would be interesting to know whether the usual method for making hurricane scenes (and by this is meant the employment of a half dozen airplanes backed up to a setting with propellers going full blast) was brought into use in Compromise. Interesting because of the appearance of utter devastation wrought as the storied tornado sweeps through this Hollywood village. Interesting principally because of the fact that it looks real, and dreadful, and as if it actually were something a little more grim and formidable than mere man could have designed.

Clive Brook

It seems—yes, it is undoubtedly true—that this review has concerned itself chiefly with the occurrence of a cyclone. And properly so. Nothing else about the picture would have begun to deserve so much space.

Beauty *and* Brains *in the* Same Package

Pretty Girls Are NOT Dumb, Says Science—and So, Bang Goes Another Pet Theory

By SEAMUS DILLON

Edna St. Vincent Millay, author of some of the best of current American poetry and a shining example of beauty and brains in the same package.

OUR Geraldine is not pretty. A neat little thing and steady. She is crammed with all the desirable moral virtues and a few of the physical. Works hard and is no moron. To be sure, her mentality doesn't remind you of Madame Curie, but that can't be regarded as a shortcoming.

But she's far from pretty. We were wont to solace her with assurances that physical beauty was, after all, but skin deep; you see, we are related to her and dared say such things. We don't know how much solace she extracted from our words, but we had to say something whenever she was glooming over the triumph of some prettier sister.

She had never given evidence of having more brains than other girls, but we had to say something, being conventional people, and that about the depth of beauty is nothing if not conventional.

But she must have had some misgivings about the truth of it now and then, as prettier girls got better jobs and corralled desirable husbands, while our Geraldine remained stationary in her spinsterhood and the same old job at the same old salary. And we were forced, at times, to suspect that Geraldine was an exception to the rule we had come to accept as hard and fast.

But it remained for Dr. H. L. Hollingworth of the department of psychology at Barnard College, in New York City, to show us that we were quite wrong, that we were deceiving Geraldine, and that it is scientifically demonstrable that, taking them by and large, the pretty girl is the intellectual superior of her homely sister—or, perhaps it is better to say, her less pretty sister.

Doctor Hollingworth selected twenty-five third-year students at Barnard and asked them to analyze themselves. They were to make such self-estimates on the basis of a possible hundred. He did not choose girls for any particular characteristic or trait, but at random, designating them offhand—the pretty, the homely, the bright, and the dull being represented indiscriminately.

He told them that they would be protected against publicity and its embarrassments. They were to judge themselves on beauty, intelligence, neatness, humor, snobbishness, conceit, and vulgarity.

Then Doctor Hollingworth selected twenty-five other girls, all of whom had known the twenty-five test girls two years or more. The second group was asked to judge the first group on the same characteristics. They, too, were told to be brutally honest and that their estimates of their classmates would be kept secret.

Thus each girl in the group under experiment received two judgments—her own and her classmates'. Doctor Hollingworth studied the returns with satisfaction. The girls had made every effort to be candid and fair.

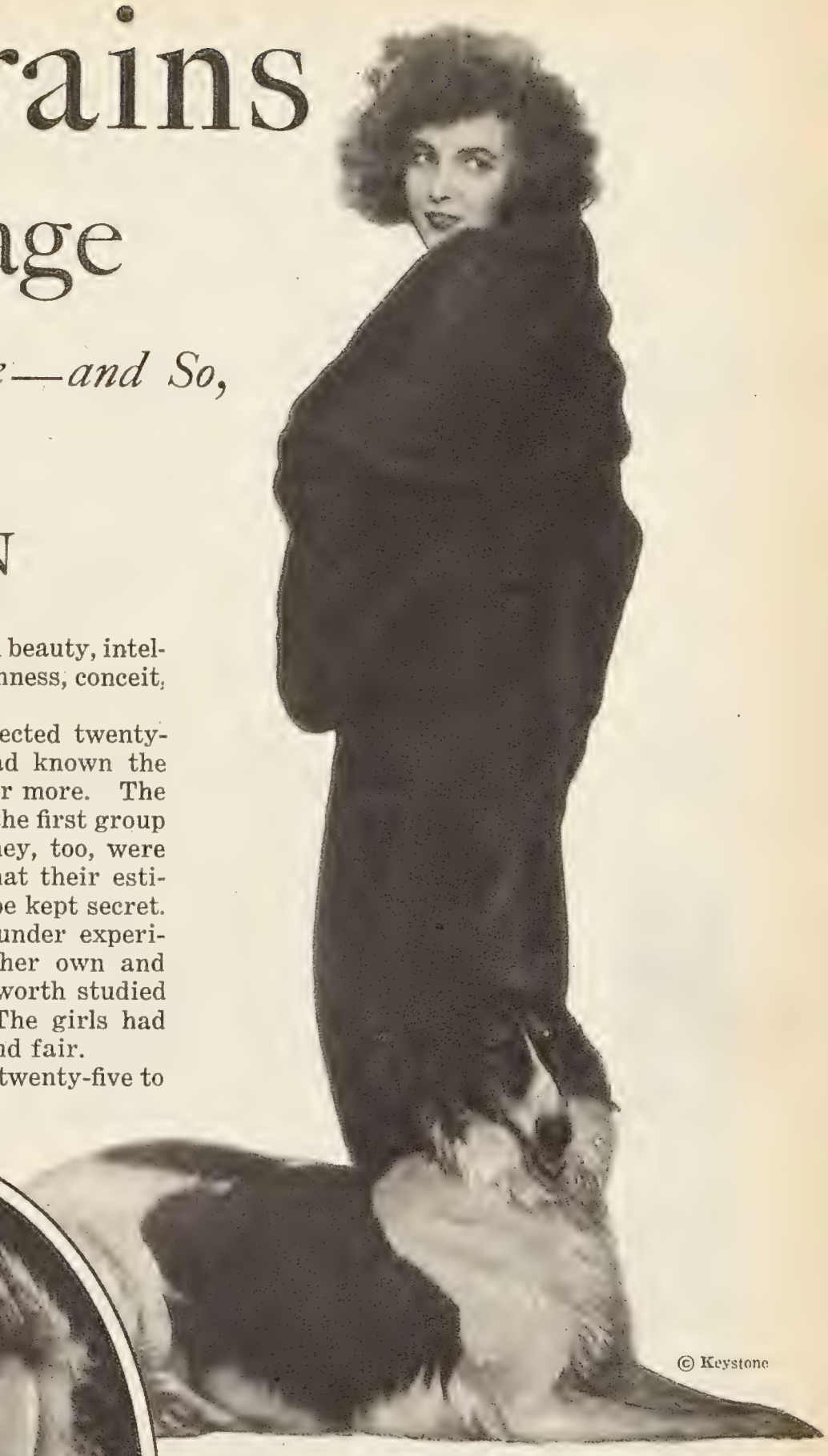
Then he subjected the original twenty-five to

Anne Nichols, whose success as a playwright and producer is further proof that one can accomplish things and still be good looking.

intelligence tests, keeping the results to himself. He compared the results of the intelligence tests with the estimates of each girl's mentality as seen by herself and by her chums. He did not subject the young women to beauty tests, nor was it necessary to have them undergo tests for the other characteristics, even were such examinations possible.

And then he made comparisons.

Casting aside all the technical phrases and mathematical ratios and coefficients which the scientist is bound to use in propounding his



© Keystone

Doctor Kranz, a dazzling beauty of Vienna, who is widely known in her own country as a medical expert as well as a leader of society.

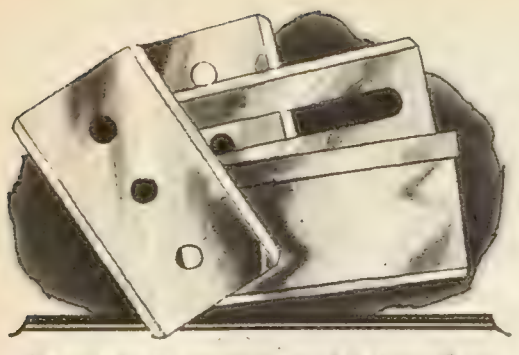
findings, the results showed that the prettier girls attained the higher marks in the intelligence tests; that they were given credit by their classmates for greater degree of intelligence than their less pulchritudinous competitors, and that they themselves had a better opinion of their mentalities than their homely sisters had of theirs. In fact, almost all the girls—pretty and otherwise—gave themselves credit for greater brain power than the intelligence tests warranted.

Furthermore, the prettiest girls, as a group, achieved a much higher rating for intelligence than did the less good looking.

The averages showed that the individuals overestimated themselves greatly in refinement, humor, and kindliness; overestimated themselves slightly in energy, intelligence, and sociability; estimated correctly their efficiency, neatness, originality, and beauty, and underestimated their conceit, snobbishness, and vulgarity.

Those who assayed a high degree of desirable traits (neatness, intelligence, and humor) proved themselves the best judges of those traits, whether in themselves or others. On

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

the other hand, those who showed a greater degree of the undesirable traits (conceit, vulgarity, and snobbishness) were the poorest judges of those qualities in themselves or others.

Beauty, Doctor Hollingworth found, is just on the border line, between these two groups of traits. In other words, one's ability to judge it either in one's self or in others is in no way related to the degree of beauty one possesses.

The question arises:

"That is all very well, but give us the results in figures. What was the intelligence rating of the prettiest and of the homeliest girls? Suppose we rate all the individual beauty and intelligence on the basis of a possible one hundred, or perfect. Show us the relative marks achieved by the girls."

Unfortunately that can't be done. The results were reduced to the coefficient basis. For example, Doctor Hollingworth found that the coefficient of the group's intelligence was forty. That doesn't by any means mean that the intelligence of the girls was as forty is to one hundred.

"The figures mean," explained Doctor Hollingworth, "that if one hundred be called perfect correspondence between rank for beauty and rank for intelligence, then the found relation between the two is forty—that is, four-tenths of complete correspondence—or, roughly speaking, the two traits are as similar as two children from the same family."

Doctor Hollingworth believes in the thoroughbred. He contends that if the body is wholesome, healthy, and good to look upon, the mentality will be correspondingly vigorous and reliable. For the most part the public has assumed that the pretty girl is so devoted to her face and figure that she lets her mind atrophy.

But no. The doctor is convinced that he has but added to the proof of the truth of the moral of the parable of talents—that to him that hath shall be given.

"WOULD the same results come of similar tests applied to college men?" I asked him. "For example, let us say that the finest physical specimens in college will be found among the prominent athletes. It is the general assumption that the star football player is more than likely to be something of a dumb-bell in classes."

"Such a theory is quite likely unfair and erroneous," he replied. "I haven't made tests on college men, but it is my belief that you would find that, athletes or not, the men would produce results very similar to those I have obtained from these twenty-five girl students. You will find that the healthier the body the healthier the intelligence—as a rule. To be sure, there can be nothing arbitrary about it. Single cases prove nothing."

That Doctor Hollingworth is correct in this is vouched for by Prof. V. Lansing Collins of Princeton University, who, after an exhaustive survey of the scholarship ratings of the student body, found that the sixty-seven men of the Varsity Club at Princeton—students who have won their letters in sport—maintain a higher scholastic average than the students not so active in athletics.

He found that fifteen of the athletes managed to play good football, baseball, tennis, and basketball and made the track team and the rowing squad and in addition kept up their class work to that high standard necessary to hold scholarships.

"I have found," said Professor Collins, "that a man's marks are always higher during the training season. When a man is competing for a team his nervous system is keyed up, his mind is alert, and his habits are regular. All this enables him to do his work better."

Thus go a few more of our pet theories.

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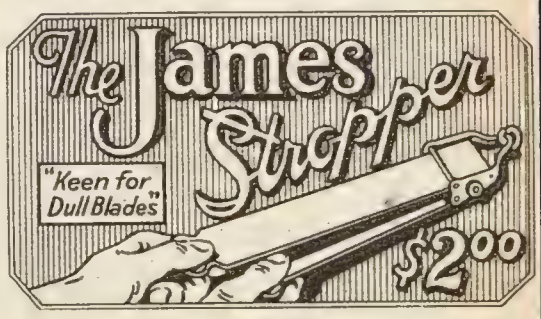
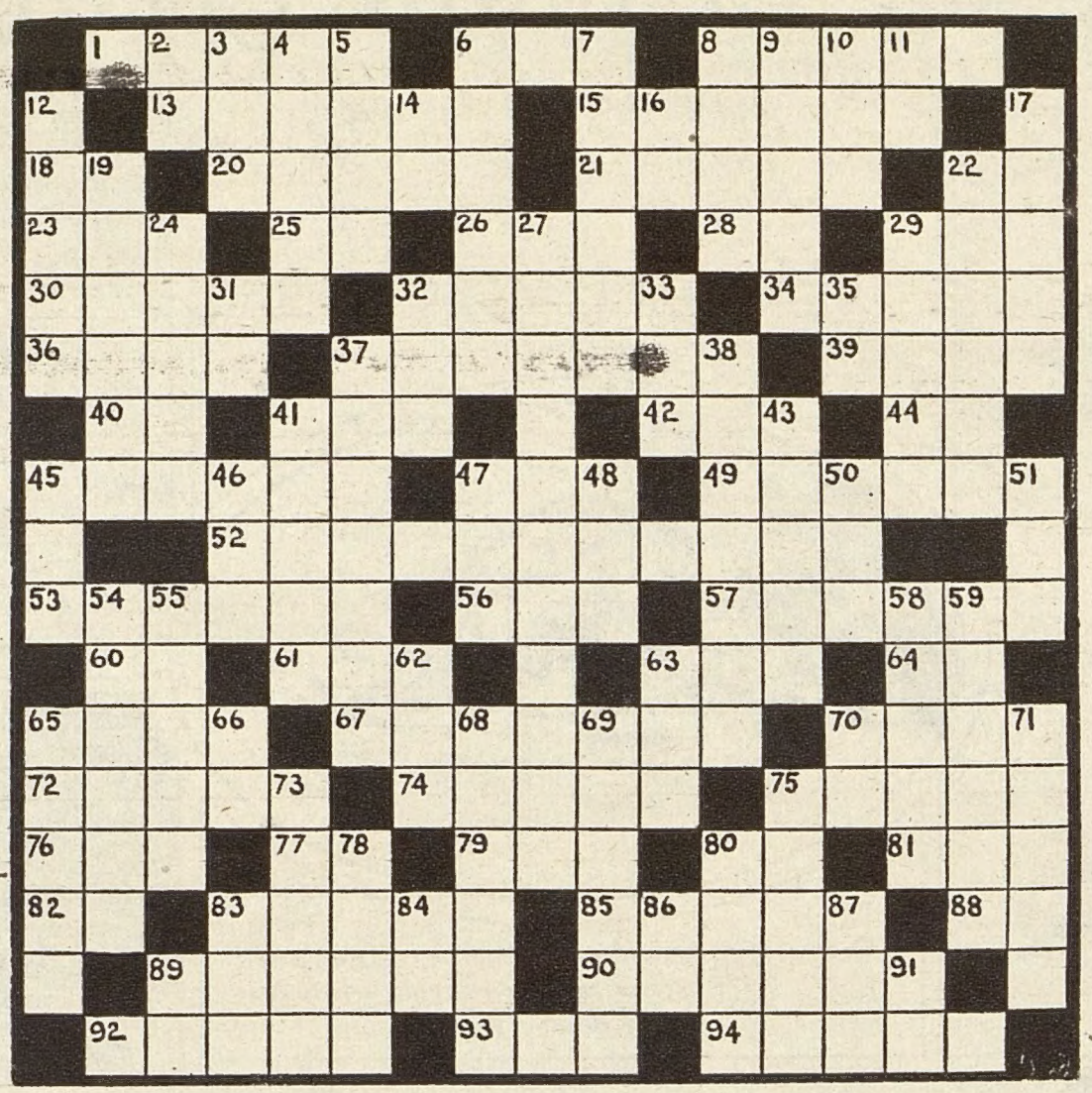


Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 44

YOU may need a bit of help from the dictionary in solving this one, for it is none too easy. But don't be dismayed. And don't allow yourself to get stuck on fifty-three horizontal or six vertical. They are not as bad as they sound.



HORIZONTAL

1 Chokes up
6 Anything given to pacify
8 The track of a wild animal
13 Verbally
15 Matures
18 Initials of a professional athletic organization
20 Intellect
21 Expiate
22 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
23 A color
25 Along, over, or through
26 Roar
28 The symbol for tantalum
29 Tap
30 Equalizes
32 To girth tightly
34 A tree
36 Like in quality
37 To follow
39 Memorandum
40 Letter of the Greek alphabet
41 The woman referred to
42 Existed
44 Not in any respect
45 Linear variation of color
47 Portion of a curved line
49 Directs
52 Apparatus for moving loose material with dispatch
53 Treasurer of a college
56 Seed vessel
57 Rack for drying clothes (plural)
60 For that reason
61 Small mound of earth
63 Predatory bird
64 To partake of reality
65 Lower part of the leg
67 Anticipated with apprehension of evil
70 Competent
72 Wales
74 Communion table
75 To move furtively
76 Metric measures of area
77 One of the United States (abbr.)
79 Marsh
80 Personal pronoun
81 Any small cubicle or square body
82 Exists
83 One-half of a diameter (plural)
85 Concede
88 A territory of the United States (initials)
89 Religious service for morning (plural)
90 Lithe
92 To produce as an effect
93 Tint
94 Awaits decision or adjustment

VERTICAL

2 Behold
3 Spherical body
4 Clothing (plural)
5 Slaughter
6 A magistrate
7 To swagger
8 Blemish
9 Punitive
10 Individual
11 A bone
12 Weeds of grain fields
14 Chinese weight and measure
16 Pronoun
17 Lave
19 The Orient
22 An agent
24 To take exception
27 Spiritual
29 Prostrate
31 Point of the compass
32 Hint
33 To chop
35 One or any
37 Clipped, as fleece
38 Arrant coward
41 A kind of herring
43 A large drinking vessel
45 Weep convulsively
46 Of the thing
47 A viper
48 A fish
50 To mistake
51 Affectionate term for a near relative
54 Officer in care of the door of a court (plural)
55 Ruffles the temper
58 Receded
59 Redeposited
62 Period marked by something significant
63 Always (contraction)
65 A rustic
66 Division of the Scriptures (initials)
68 Impish
69 To hang loosely
70 By
71 To choose between alternatives
73 A list of political candidates
75 Intelligence
78 Entrance or passage
80 A clasp
83 Tatter
84 Preposition
86 Japanese measure of length
87 Measure of weight
89 Myself
91 A degree

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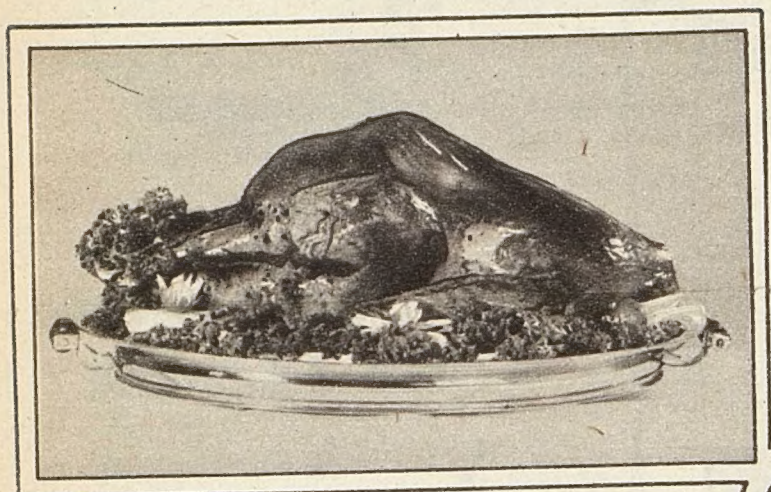
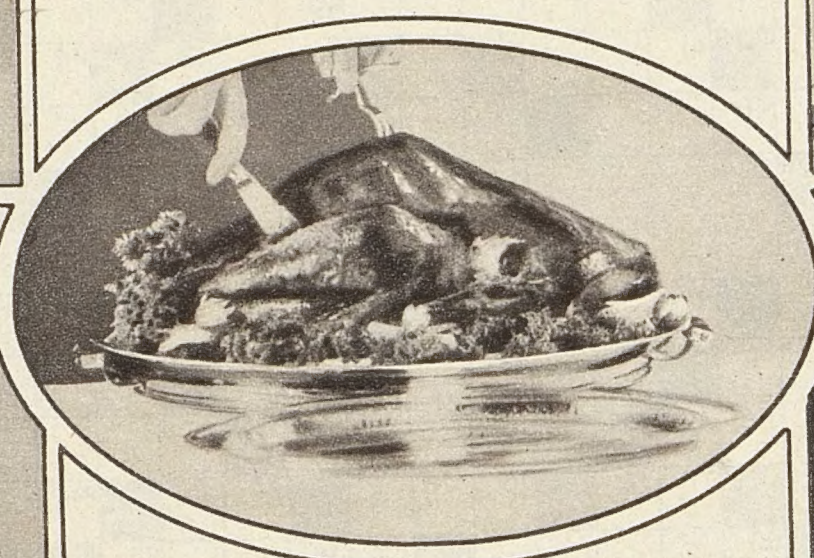
Carving *the* Thanksgiving Fowl

Some Hints for the Host Who Wants to Preside at the Feast with Grace and Skill

By ETHEL M. SOMERS



1 *Roast turkey—ready for the feast, and ready to test the carver's skill.*

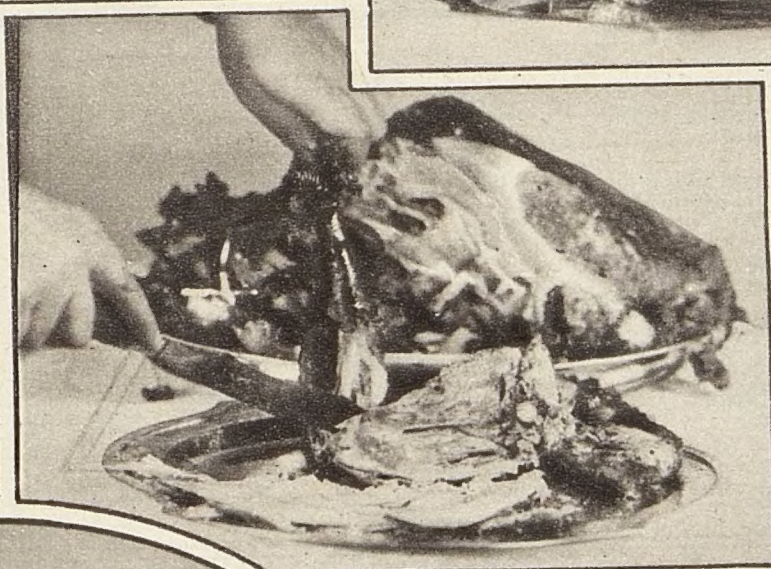


2 *Begin by thrusting the fork into the breast. Then cut around the second joint of the leg where it joins the body.*

3 *Press the knife against the leg and thigh piece, exposing the joint.*

4 *Cut through the exposed joint, severing the leg from the body. Place it on the extra platter.*

5 *Remove the wing as you did the leg, placing it on the extra platter for service at the proper time.*



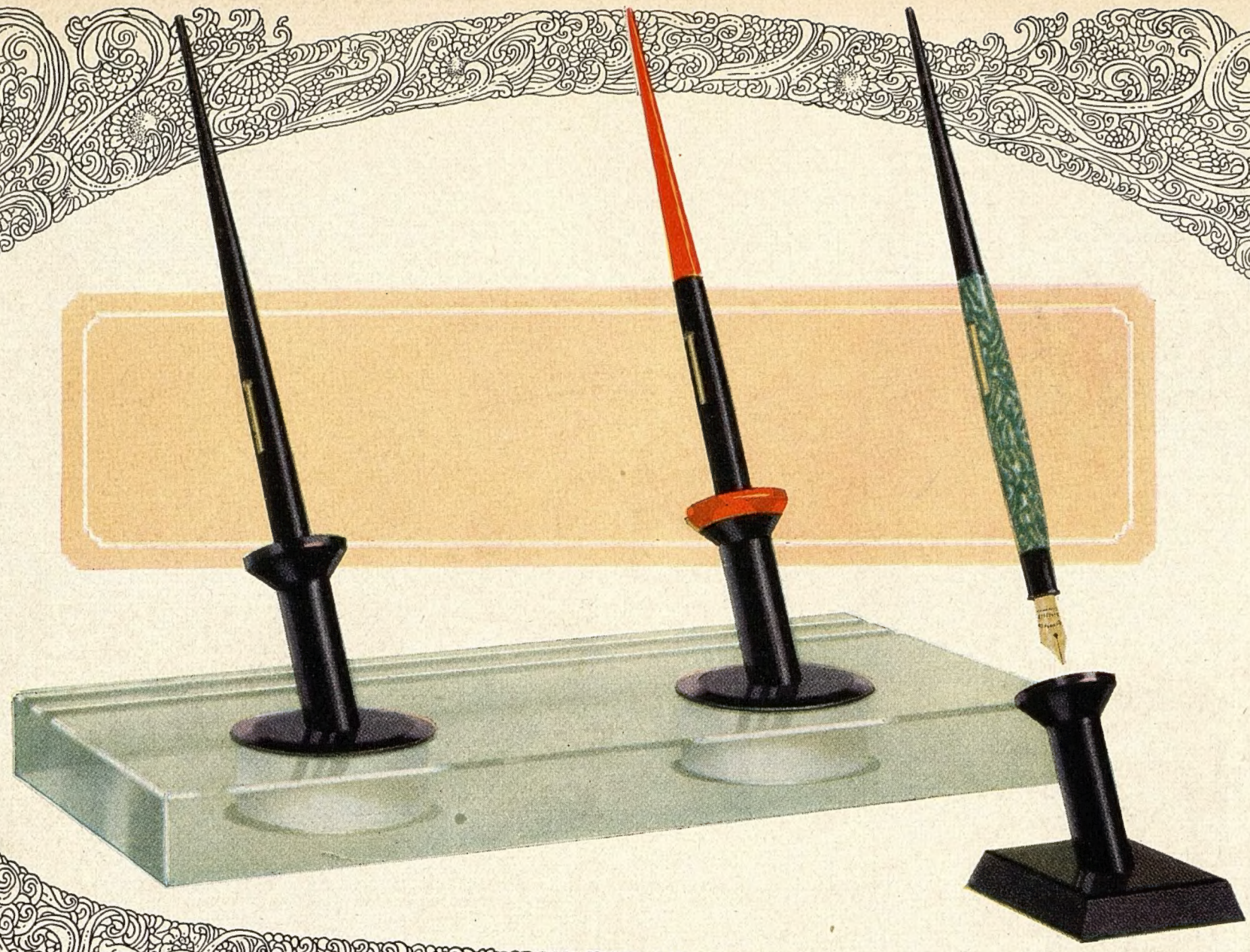
6 *By cutting from the breastbone down, remove thin slices and place them upon the service platter.*

7 *Disjoint the leg and thigh piece by cutting around the joint in the way shown in the illustration.*

8 *Using both the fork and the knife, sli piece into generous portions of dark m them on the platter.*

One Hundred Tes

ALREADY the thousands of wo have bought Liberty's new c One Hundred Standard Recipes wouldn't be without it. They like feature muffin recipe—one easy set of directions produce seven different kinds of muffi like the menu plan—one glance and th of what to have for the day is solved. the way every recipe works out the first try it. In fact, they've found that the



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